

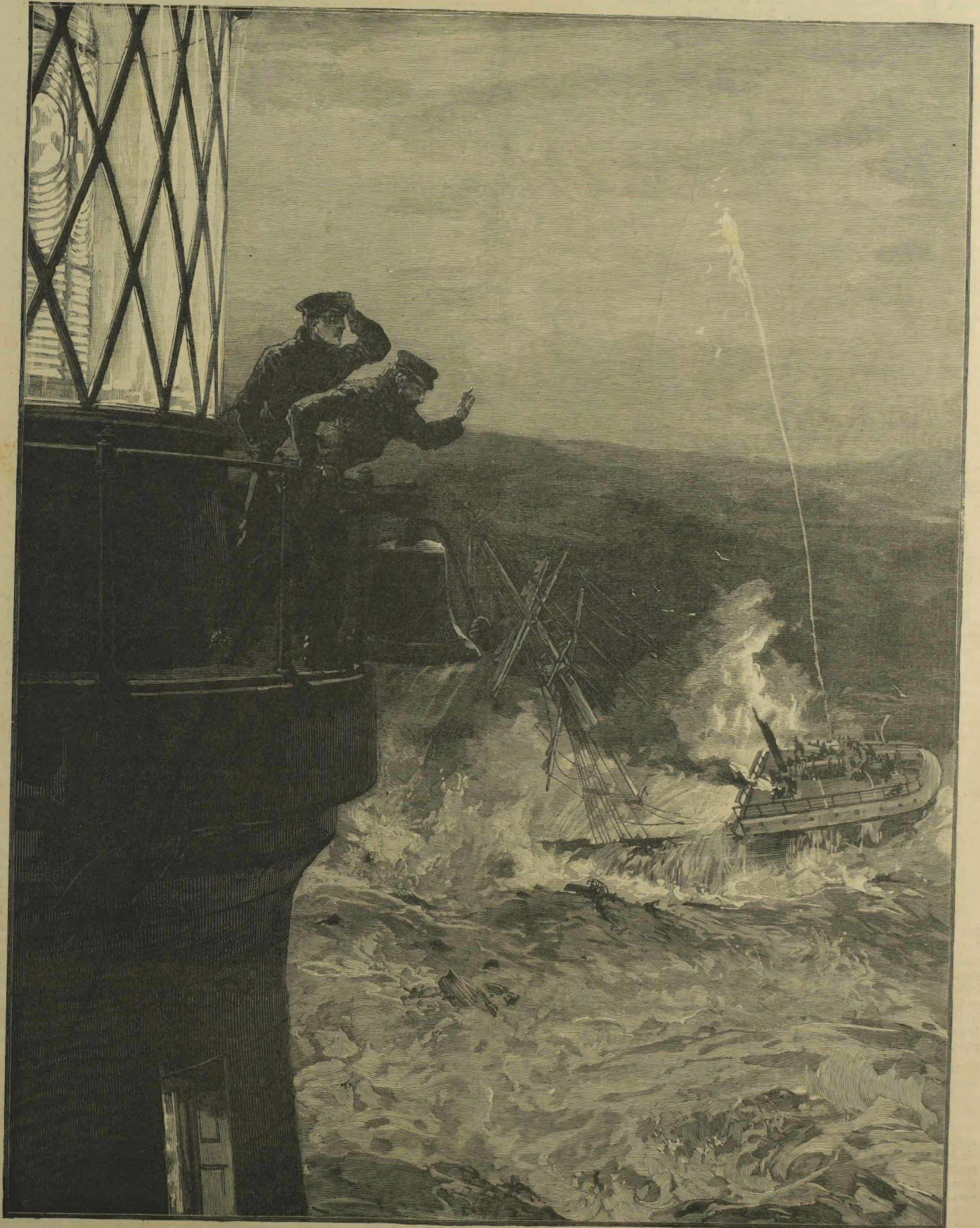
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2751.—VOL. C.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1892.

TWO {SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS { By Post, 6d.



"POWERLESS TO AID!"

See "A Flagrant Scandal," page 35.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The confidence of the Bar has at last been shaken in the virtues of cross-examinations: that of the public it never possessed. The license of counsel has, we felt, long been carried beyond all decent bounds, and if, as has lately been made manifest, no certain benefit is derived from it, the sooner it is put a stop to the better. This must be done from outside, for Bench and Bar are but one vast trades union, the members of which play into one another's hands. It is no use for an honest witness to appeal for protection to the judge: a rabbit in torments might as well appeal to the College of Surgeons against his vivisector. Cross-examination, as practised at present, works very like the old passport system. It is of little use in the restraint of crime, because the habitual evildoer is more or less prepared for it, and is quite unscrupulous in his mode of defence; but it is most cruel and distressing to the nervous and the innocent, who are unaccustomed to it. There are no more amazing deliverances than the indignant comments we sometimes hear from the Bench upon the absence of this or that person from the witness-box whose sense of what was owing to the public should have ensured his attendance. The gentleman has probably had some sense of what is owing to himself, and very wisely removed himself out of the reach of a subpoena. In a law case those members of the *dramatis persone* who appear gratuitously, or from a feeling of public duty, are the only ones who are habitually subjected to impertinence and insult. If the Bar declines to reform itself, we must look for some honest and courageous witness who will refuse to answer all impertinent questions, be committed by the judge for contempt of Court, and then appeal to public opinion, which will be very ready to stand by him. No one who knows what everybody outside the Inns of Court, and not a few within them, is saying, can doubt the issue.

Drastic questions are, of course, sometimes necessary, as in the case of the Highland witness called by his chief. "Well, Donald, how did you get on?" was asked of him when he left the court. "Heaven knows; my wits are not just settled yet! I was going through the story my own way when an awful man that sits in the middle [Counselor Haddington] broke in upon me and put such questions that I fear I've told the truth." But severity is not irrelevant. A witness speaking for his daughter, who had been shamefully used by the prisoner, was thus cross-examined: "Pray, Sir, is this young lady your daughter?" "She is." "How do you know she is your daughter?" "Gentlemen of the jury," said the witness, "you hear the question that blackguard has put to me. Will you believe him or me?" and they made a very proper choice.

Our societies for the regeneration of mankind are now as numerous as during the French Revolution, and everything of a moderate nature, as in that epoch, has become "suspect" to this or that company of zealots. If anyone were fool enough to covet their universal approbation there would be nothing left for him to eat or drink, and (as will presently be seen) he would have to be very careful even about his breathing. The Anti-everythingarians are increasing in such numbers daily that it would really seem that the forbidding of one thing begets a desire to forbid something else. The mere teetotalers pant after these modern fanatics in vain, and stand astonished at their own moderation; but they, at least, have the credit of being the first in the field. A table of degrees—as of the relations one is forbidden to marry in the prayer-book—showing how very limited one's range of enjoyment is getting, and also how one veto brings on another, "like little nigger pickaninny riding pick-a-back upon him mother," may be interesting—

1. No alcoholic liquors.
2. No tobacco.
3. No meat, but only fish and eggs.
4. No tea or coffee.
5. No fish or eggs, but only vegetables.
6. No breathing except through the nose.

This last is the latest veto at present; those who would be "healthy, wealthy, and wise" must look upon all these things as though let down in a sheet from Heaven, with the word "Forbidden" on it, keep their "windows three inches open in all weathers" (including a London fog), and "only breathe through the nose." In a world where all enjoyment is denied to us, perhaps it would be better to add a seventh veto, "No breathing through the nose," and thus have done with it.

It is ten years or more since I suggested to certain enterprising commercial persons that they should establish smoking omnibuses. I was promptly met by the objection that, as they could not be patented, only a temporary advantage at most could be derived from them: "Even if they 'catch on,'" they said, "there will be too many rivals." I ventured to remark that this objection also applied to the starting of omnibuses at all, and was smiled down, as the proposals of men of genius always are by men of business. But still, I now read that we are going to have smoking omnibuses after all. They will certainly pay well between the hours of nine and eleven and between four and six, but unless some immediate disinfectant is discovered they will never be much patronised

in the interval by the non-smoking community. It is curious, though other people's cigars are so exceedingly popular, that nobody likes other people's smoke.

What is much more remarkable than the tardy realisation of this idea is that Scarborough still remains the only watering place where open carriages with boy postillions can be hired. They are the pleasantest and most convenient of summer vehicles, and the gay colours in which the boys are attired greatly add to the picturesqueness of the streets. There are many places, such as Scarborough itself and Edinburgh, where the steepness of the hills forbids the use of hansom, but these light little vehicles make nothing of the hills, and, indeed, are adapted for all localities.

In comparing a recent edition of one of the descendants of Joe Miller with "Greek Wit," a well-known classical writer, in his eagerness to prove the dulness of his own countrymen, he was guilty of a slight suppression of the truth. Jest-books are proverbially dull reading, but "Greek Wit" (if I remember right) was not a jest-book, but a collection of specimens from famous authors which they honestly imagined to be humorous, just as Mr. Pickwick, when he "threw himself into a paralytic attitude, confidently believed it to be a posture of self-defence." One of the most enchanting specimens of classical wit, we are always told, is "The Frogs" of Aristophanes. John Hookham Frere, a man not likely to miss a joke where there really was one, has (unfortunately for Aristophanes as regards his English readers) translated it. Here is a specimen of it, neither better nor worse than the rest—

BACCHUS: How I'm maul'd,
How I'm gall'd,
Worn and mangled to a mash!
There they go—"Koash, koash."
FROGS: Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
BACCHUS: Oh, beshrew,
All your crew!
You don't consider how I smart.
Now for a sample of the art.
FROGS: Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash."

So it goes on page after page, this last line being constantly repeated, on the principle, I suppose, that one cannot have too much of a good thing.

But for the revelations in a recent law case, the practice of keeping money or jewels in a secret drawer would have seemed to have gone out of fashion. As a place of safety it is certainly inferior to the strong-room at one's banker's, for if the least suspicion of its existence enters into the mind of the marauder, one blow with a hatchet makes all the pains and ingenuity that have made it a place of concealment of none effect. If one confides the secret to several persons, one can never be sure that they will not take advantage of it, or tittle-tattle about it to others; if one confides it to few, both he and we may die, and the treasure remain undiscovered and useless for ever. On the other hand, those who keep it in their secret drawers can always have the pleasure of looking at it, and, if it be gold, of rolling in it. Yet, strange to say, people who adopt this device rarely enjoy themselves in this way. The temptation of making some dear friend envious of our possession of it may now and then induce us to display it; but, as a rule, the danger of so doing, or even of visiting it ourselves, keeps us away from it. A curious example of this occurred a few years ago at a great seaport. A retired tradesman had £500 in gold, which, being mistrustful of banks, he was desirous of putting in some place of safety. A friend of his, a joiner, proposed to make a table for him with a secret drawer in it, "because if put in a safe burglars would carry it off, safe and all": and he made it. The owner never looked at the money for five years, and, when he did so, found it all right. In the following January he put in two hundred more sovereigns, and did not open the drawer again for twelve months. Then, in consequence of a communication from the police, he looked again, and found five hundred sovereigns gone. Suspicion fell upon the joiner, who on two occasions had executed repairs in the room in which the table in question stood; moreover, though in receipt of very moderate wages, it was proved that he had lately purchased two houses for upwards of five hundred pounds in gold. How the case went eventually is not stated in the only report of it I possess, but the strangeness of the matter is the length of time during which the gold lay not only "idle," but "untold." If the joiner had bagged it at once, and put it out at interest for the five years, he would have been in an excellent position. "Well, my dear friend," he might have said, "I did take it, because you are such a born fool about investments; but here's your capital back, and a hundred pounds besides." But it seems he never thought of that.

The autograph diary of a lady during the Great Rebellion is, the *Daily Graphic* tells us, about to be disposed of by auction. It is illustrative, among other things, of the small degree of interest we attach to matters of State, even of the most striking kind, in comparison with our own private affairs, since "Roger was put into breeches somewhat above six years old and very littell" has at least equal prominence with "Cromell (Cromwell) defeated the Scotch forces under Duck (Duke) Hamilton

near Preston." The Twysden family has a much greater importance in the eyes of the diarist than that of the Stuarts, but she gives a strange and striking account of the execution of King Charles: "When he was on the scaffold a fite of wild ducks came and flew over till his head was off. Then they flew away, but a drake first stooped down and touched the block with its bill, as many said that were thereby at the time, and saw the soldiers shoot at them, but hit none." That drake was probably one of the earliest specimens of the "canard."

The poet's statement that "every minute dies a man," so far from using the poetic license of exaggeration, is very far within the fact. A French medical writer informs us that the average of deaths, by day and night, of the entire human family is over ninety thousand, or sixty-two persons a minute. In future editions of "The Visions of Sin," we must therefore read, "every instant dies a man." The alteration will, fortunately, alter neither rhyme nor metre, which is very convenient.

Statistics are not what we look for in the poets; but what they should be even more careful about than the prose writers—because verse is more easily committed to memory—is statements of facts which affect practical life. Can anything, for example, be more dangerous than Shelley's most felicitous but false assertion—"When the lamp is shattered the light in the dust lies dead"? If it be a paraffin lamp, the very reverse of this takes place, for it never goes in for illumination more decidedly than when it is upset.

The fault of most books of travel is that the writer delays to tell us his experiences till he has got accustomed to his new surroundings; in his solitude to supply information he forgets the salient points which struck him on his first arrival, and therefore cannot communicate them to us stay-at-homes, and they are the very things we want to know. Moreover—except in the matter of his food, about which he is often tedious—he omits those details in which difference really lies, and also the means by which he accomplished his journey, which to those who would follow his footsteps are absolutely essential. To find a volume of travel free from these faults is a distinction in itself, and it is possessed by the book entitled "A Winter Cruise in Summer Seas." It is the narrative of a tourist in search of health. One is glad to read that he found it, and at a cheap rate (£100 for a two-months trip to South America and back); but when he calls his experience "a path of roses," it is not everybody who will agree with him. The book is illustrative, indeed, of how very easily the average Englishman—when out of his own country—is pleased, and how thankful he is for small mercies. To some people our author's roses will seem to have more thorns than blossoms, the society to be dull, the incidents commonplace, and the pleasure-trip full of discomfort and monotony. But the voyage is described in every particular as it really was, and thus affords valuable information to invalids and others. For health one would do much, but, unless I was very bad indeed, I should much prefer to stop at home than partake of the treat in question. The writer must have been a perfect Mark Tapley, to start with; for he found little drawback to enjoyment in the prospect of sharing a cabin with two strangers, one of whom, it turned out, was a "roarer"—that is, a snorer—and the other a Portuguese!

In "The Sabbath in New England" we have a most interesting account of the goings on of the early Puritans. They seem, with the gravest faces imaginable, to have made the best of both worlds, though the other one had a very bad character with them—

Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

They proscribed tobacco among their own people, but grew it and dried it in the church loft, for sale to the "ungodly Dutch." To smile (even at the thought of that) in church was an offence against the law. A case is on record where "His Majesty's tithing man entered complaint against Jonah and Susan Smith that they did so smile"; and they were fined five shillings (a large order in those days) and costs. The tithing man was the waker-up (what would now be called the "chucker-out") in church, and whisked a fox's tail in the face of drowsy maids, and rapped drowsy men on the head with a knobby stick. As the sermons were sometimes "between four and five hours long," his office was no sinecure, but he sometimes made a mistake. One who was thus rapped indignantly protested that "he was only bowing in solemn assent and approval of the minister's arguments." A pair of lovers were punished for "sitting together on the Lord's Day under an apple-tree in Goodman Chapman's orchard," and a Boston sea-captain for kissing his wife in the street on Sunday, on his return from a three-years voyage. What is very curious, we find in this book what is, doubtless, the original version of Dean Ramsay's celebrated story of the particularity of prayer. The Rev. H. Miles, praying for rain, thus expressed himself: "O Lord, Thou knowest we do not want Thee to send us a pouring rain which shall carry away our haycocks, but one to come drizzle drozzle, arizzle drozzle, for about a week. Amen."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

A FLAGRANT SCANDAL.

This is a reasonable time for rubbing into the public mind one of those administrative scandals which make an Englishman blush for his country. If there is one thing on which we pride ourselves, it is our consummate knowings in everything that affects the interests of a maritime nation. We may not have much of an army, but our navy is superlative. The mercantile marine of all the other nations put together cannot be bracketed with ours without cutting a sorry figure. We are the ocean-carriers of the world. We are the favoured children of Neptune. We know every blessed appliance which is necessary to those who go down to the sea in ships and have their business in the great waters. We are wonderful builders of life-boats and lighthouses; we have the finest coastguard service, and we spent ever so much, years ago, on ridiculous little round towers with toy guns on them, which are quite as serviceable as a child's castle in the sand. But it is not our coast fortifications which are the most astounding monuments of the sheer helplessness which besets this practical nation in the very heart and citadel of its vanity. It is scarcely credible that at this moment the elaborate telegraphic system of the country has little or no connection with our lighthouses and coastguard-stations! For a long time the Admiralty and the other boards of wisacres who are responsible for this system have been content to see some seven hundred lives lost on our coasts annually, many of which might have been saved, had anything deserving the name of forethought been exercised to provide the means of rescue. The other day, Mr. Robert Bayly, of Plymouth, wrote a letter to the *Times* giving some instances in which lamentable loss of life was solely due to the inability of the lighthouse-keeper or coastguard to communicate in time with the nearest life-boat station. Had there been the necessary telegraphic communication, some of the worst disasters might have been averted. Sixteen years ago, more than three hundred people perished in a wreck off the Scilly Isles, because there was no cable between the lighthouse and the shore. The cable would be a costly affair, and so nothing whatever has been done. There was a wreck on the Formby Sands, and three life-boats, ignorant of one another's movements, put off for the ship, but were capsized. Had the life-boat stations been connected by telegraph, only the boat most favourably situated would have been dispatched to the scene, and the lives of the men in the other two would have been spared. Instances of this kind, collected by Mr. Bayly, have been thrust upon the attention of the authorities for years without evoking anything more definite than a vague expression of sympathy and a plaintive wail about the expense of any reform.

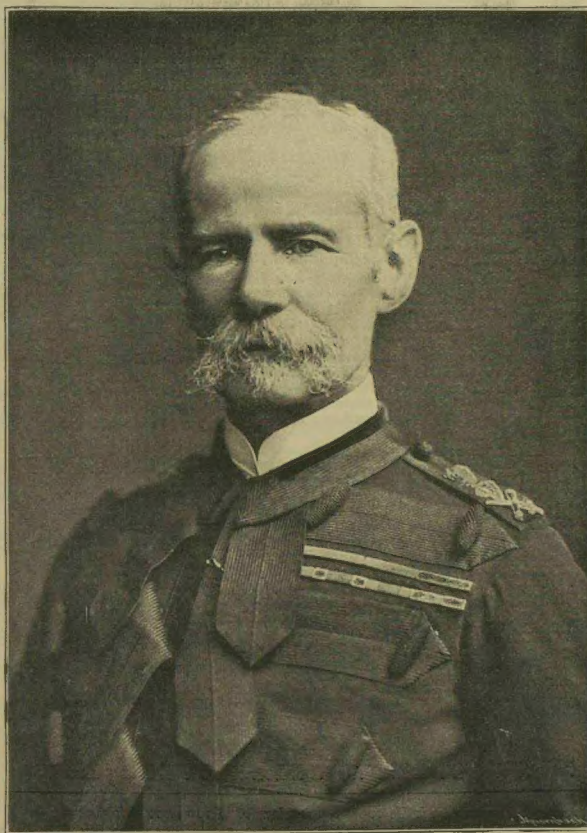
Now, the most exasperating part of the business is that, despite our boasted supremacy as a maritime nation, we are far behind France, America, Canada, the Cape, Holland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark in one of the most vital branches of coast administration. That our colonies should surpass us in this respect is hard enough to bear, but that we should have to yield to French and Dutch and Danes—nations whom we have coerced or disdained upon the sea for ages—that a country like Denmark should employ telegraph and telephone in its coast communications with a systematic dexterity quite unknown to English officials—is the most galling mortification. To the Danes it is a matter of course that, if a ship in distress be sighted from a lighthouse, the telephone is used to signal tugs to go to her assistance; but in this exquisitely civilised land of ours the unfortunate vessel would have to trust to guns, which might not be heard in the storm; or rockets, which might not be seen till the emergency was too great. It is true that no coasts are better provided with coastguard-stations than ours. They are never more than ten miles apart; yet (in Mr. Bayly's words), "for want of telegraphs or telephones time is lost, and life and property sacrificed, although there are steamers in our harbours and life-boats at our stations ready, if they only knew when and where to go." Moreover, the lack of these communications would be a most serious weakness in time of war: "The admirals in command at our various ports have no means of obtaining information from the coastguards within their districts other than by post and messenger." Such an amazing fact ought to make the Admiralty blush, if that or any other department of the public service were capable of the rosy tinge of humiliation. But to all appearance the First Lord and his subordinates are perfectly at ease. The Navy Estimates are discussed by the House of Commons, but it never occurs to any legislator to ask the Government why this petrifying neglect is perpetuated, and the Treasury Bench never volunteers any information.

What possible confidence can the country have in the administration of the national defences when blundering so gross stares every Ministry in the face, and yet is never remedied? The Associated Chambers of Commerce have repeatedly called on the Government to repair this monstrous negligence. When storms are desolating our coasts, the newspapers are full of letters urging the adoption of the obvious safeguard. But the administrative machine grinds heedlessly on, and, for fear of asking Parliament for £100,000, the responsible officials allow lives to be lost and the defences of the country to excite the sarcastic wonder of the foreigner. It is calculated by Mr. Bayly

that this sum would be sufficient to place all the lighthouses and coastguard-stations in connection with the general telegraph and telephone system. But the Admiralty cannot move without Trinity House, and Trinity House is afraid of the Post Office and its precious monopoly of the telephone, and the Post Office is shy of the War Office, and so all these beautiful departments combine to prolong disaster and disgrace, to turn a deaf ear to the most urgent protests, and to offer to the world a spectacle of sheer incapacity, which exposes us to the contempt of a State like Denmark. It is high time that a popular agitation were organised to put an end to an abuse which is such a slur on the national name.

GENERAL SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS.

The honours of the peerage conferred by her Majesty the Queen on three distinguished men, respectively in the military and naval services and among the leaders of science, were announced on New Year's Day, much to the gratification of her subjects. The active service of the Army will henceforth be represented in the House of Lords not only by Lord Wolseley, but also by that excellent soldier Sir Frederick Sleigh Roberts, Commander-in-Chief in India, whose achievements in the Afghan War of 1880 are justly not less renowned than the African campaigns, the Egyptian and Soudan expeditions, which occupied public attention for a longer time. He was born Sept. 30, 1832, a younger son of General Sir Abraham



GENERAL SIR FREDERICK SLEIGH ROBERTS, THE NEW PEER.

Roberts, was educated at Eton, Sandhurst, and at Addiscombe, and entered the Bengal Artillery in 1851. During the Mutiny war he was wounded, and his horse was shot under him at the capture of Delhi; he assisted in the relief of Lucknow, the operations at Cawnpore, the defeat of the Gwalior Contingent, and the final capture of Lucknow, besides taking part in minor engagements. He was repeatedly mentioned in despatches, and received the Victoria Cross, the thanks of the Governor-General, and the brevet of Major. After this he was in the North-West Frontier campaign of 1863, superintended the embarkation of the entire army in the Abyssinian campaign of 1868, was in the Loosah affair of 1871, and obtained the brevet of Lieutenant-colonel for his Abyssinian services. It was as commander of the Kuram Field Force in the Afghan War that Sir Frederick first attracted public notice. In 1879 he captured the Peiwar Kotal, and subsequently reconnoitred the Shutargardan Pass, occupied the Khosh district, and reconnoitred the Kuram River. Later he commanded at the occupation of Cabul and the battle of Charasiab, led the whole force in the celebrated march to the relief of Candahar, and commanded at the battle of September 1880. For these exploits he was again mentioned in despatches, received the thanks of Parliament and of the Governor-General and Government of India in Council, and was created a K.C.B., G.C.B., and a baronet. Since then Sir Frederick Roberts has had the command in Madras, in Burmah, and the whole of India.

THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.

"Sir Augustus Harris has surpassed himself." That is, at all events, what the critics say every Christmas after a visit to Drury Lane. But "Humpty-Dumpty" is certainly the most gorgeous pantomime ever seen, with all those accessories of

eccentric and richly varied costume, brilliant bedazzlements of light and colour and breadth of stage effect which have made the fame of Drury Lane pantomimes. From the scenic point of view, the two triumphs of the production are the ballet of "Dolls at Home" and the "Procession of the Nations." The procession takes the form of a series of presentations to the King and Queen of Hearts by twenty-four brilliantly arrayed figures, representing the leading countries in the world. The choice of colour was singularly effective—England wore scarlet, Germany blue, Austria terra-cotta, America stars and stripes—all the dresses being designed by Percy Anderson. The other spectacle—the "Dolls at Home"—is, of course, primarily designed for the children. Never was dollhood so densely peopled. There were giant dolls and dwarf dolls, fully dressed dolls and dolls in costumes of primeval simplicity, French dolls and Dutch dolls; while the dancing, especially a charming Japanese fan dance, gives life and movement to the quaint grouping of tints and types of the doll world. A "floral divertissement" supplies a third spectacle almost as magnificent as the other two, and its special attraction is the appearance of pretty Miss Mabel Love as the very charming principal dancer. The final scene is a picturesque grouping of dancers laden with lilies and convolvuluses, within the folds of which twinkle scores of electric lamps.

The fun of the pantomime is rather slender. Mr. Herbert Campbell has his usual topical ditty, but the allusions are unusually respectful, the most applauded reference being to Mrs. Grimwood, the heroine of Manipur. There is some charming dancing by John and Emma D'Auban, and one of the cleverest pieces of eccentricity in the piece is the performance of "Little Tich" as Humpty-Dumpty. Mr. Dan Leno, of music-hall fame, is the Queen of Hearts, and Mr. Fred Walton is the very funny Knave. There are two clowns, in the agreeable persons of the evergreen Mr. Harry Payne and the sprightly Mr. Charles Lauri. Miss Fanny Leslie makes a bright and shapely King Dulcimer, and her high spirits and resource give life to the scenes in which she is the central figure. The success of "Humpty-Dumpty" is already assured.

FOOTBALL:
ENGLAND v. WALES.

The triumphant victory of England in the match against Wales at Blackheath was a success for the stronger side, but it went beyond all expectation. In the end, England won by three goals and one try (seventeen points) to nothing, and though they unquestionably beat Wales on their merits, they were somewhat favoured by fortune. There was a great gathering of spectators, and the entrances were besieged from the opening of the ground. The English colours were white and red roses embroidered on their jerseys, while the Welshmen wore red jerseys. After some fierce and brilliant play on both sides, a penalty kick awarded to the visitors was entrusted to Bancroft, who took the drop, and with a brilliant shot all but brought off a grand goal, the ball going a few inches under the crossbar, and for this feat he was loudly cheered. The first try was registered for England after twenty minutes' play, just before the call of half-time. A particularly exciting scrum was witnessed within a foot of the Welsh lines, and from this the ball was smartly heeled out, and following a pass from Emmott to Alderson, Hubbard gained possession and dodged in, neatly grounding the leather between the posts amidst tumultuous cheering. From this Lockwood kicked a goal with ease. Some brilliant play followed, in which the Welshmen fought an uphill battle with the greatest determination. Alderson kicked the third and final goal, though the Welshmen continued to struggle gamely to the end. The match was interesting throughout, in spite of England's decided predominance, and was full of exciting incidents.

EN ROUTE TO BRAZIL.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, dispatched from London, upon the news of the latest Brazilian revolution, when the Government of Marshal da Fonseca was overthrown, arrived on Dec. 8 at Rio de Janeiro, and will furnish interesting sketches of the present condition of affairs. He has sent us one of the usual aspects of "Life on board the Royal Mail steamer Thames," outward bound from Southampton to Brazil and the River Plate. He observes that when, soon after leaving Lisbon, warm latitudes are reached, life to the passengers becomes a pleasure; and few heed the steady roll of the ship, as she drives along with the favourable trade winds. A "constitutional" walk on deck before breakfast is enjoyed by the early risers; and, after the captain has gone his rounds, an informal levée is held, at which the weather prospect is discussed, with many little incidents which under other circumstances would pass unnoticed. Captain Hicks, the popular captain of this service, answers with equal courtesy and diplomacy the never-ending inquiries of the passengers, and attends to redress any grievances which may exist. The next event of the day, punctually celebrated by the toppers, is when the sun is seen over the yardarm, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. On the promenade-deck "Hailma" brings the opposing sexes together; and a desire for privacy inclines some to seek a nook "far from the madding crowd." Concerts by Christy Minstrels, a lecture from "Our War Correspondent," and a fancy-dress ball quickly kill the time.

"THE MOUNTEBANKS," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

None of the signs of a triumphant success were wanting to distinguish the production of Messrs. W. S. Gilbert and Alfred Cellier's new comic opera, "The Mountebanks," at the Lyric Theatre. This event, thrice postponed in consequence of the illness and death of the composer, ultimately took place on Monday, Jan. 4, in the presence of a crowded and brilliant audience. Mr. Gilbert is never so amusing or so incomparable as when he is dealing with paradox and looking serious over the most delicious absurdities. It is not difficult to trace in the story of "The Mountebanks" the leading motive of "Creatures of Impulse," grafted to a slight extent upon that of "The Palace of Truth," and worked out with plenty of elaboration, variety, and, let us add, freshness of detail.

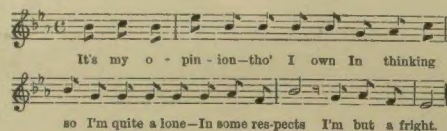
The first act is an admirable piece of construction. We are at a lovely spot somewhere in Sicily, not far from a Dominican monastery, with Etna burning peaceably in the distance. The dwellers in this picturesque neighbourhood are all more or less in a state of commotion. A secret society, calling themselves the "Tamorras," are just commencing a series of weddings, that will convert all their members into married men. The landlord of the local inn is much exercised by the conduct of an old alchemist who resides on his second floor, and who insists on gradually blowing himself to pieces in his dynamite experiments. Suddenly there arrives a party of mountebanks, unfortunately minus their leading attraction—two clockwork figures, got up to represent Hamlet and Ophelia. However, the proprietor, Pietro, is a man of resource, and he sees a way out of the difficulty, provided that his clown, Bartolo, and his dancing girl, Nita, will impersonate the automatic hero and heroine of Shakspeare's tragedy, which, in due course, they consent to do. Such is the aspect of affairs when suddenly the old alchemist dies, leaving behind him nothing but a small bottle containing a potion that has the extraordinary gift of changing all who drink of it into precisely what they pretend to be. This wondrous phial falls into the hands of Pietro, who forthwith empties its contents into his wineskin, and administer doses to his two subordinates in order to lend greater *vraisemblance* to their delineations.



MR. HARRY MONKHOUSE AS BARTOLO.

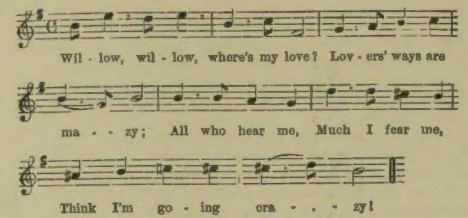
MISS AIDA JENOURS AS NITA.

fant is that it is somewhat too prolonged. This act, unlike the first, grows a trifle tedious, but the defect can easily be remedied by the omission of one or two vocal numbers, and arriving more rapidly at the application of the antidote which restores all the afflicted personages to their original condition. To this whimsical story Mr. Alfred Cellier has wedded some delightful music. The libretto of "The Mountebanks" was the first that Mr. Gilbert had entrusted to anyone but Sir Arthur Sullivan. He may not have found in Celliera musical humorist of equal calibre, but for sweetness and grace of melody and general charm of light opera style, the composer of "Dorothy" could hold his own with most Englishmen. Among the lyrics of the new opera are some of Mr. Gilbert's happiest efforts, and their spirit is reflected, for the most part, with skillful and sympathetic art. Take, for example, Teresa's first song—

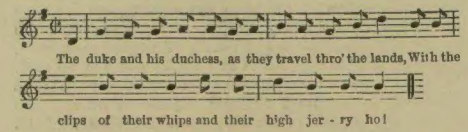


How admirably the tripping rhythm suggests the pert manner here assumed by the Sicilian coquette! Then take as a

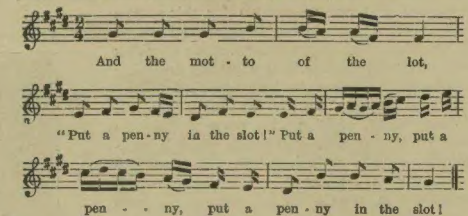
contrast the wailing ballad sung by the same damsel in the second act, after she has become crazy. There is a world of dependent yearning in her cry—



The chief of the Tamorras, in the person of Mr. Frank Wyatt, has a splendid song—

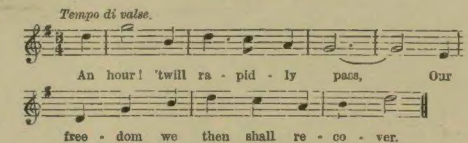


while the refrain, with its crescendo shout in the "Hi, hi, hi!" is simply irresistible. But perhaps the most popular tune of all will be the duet sung by Bartolo and Nita, when they have become veritable automata. Here is their quaint refrain—



To show that there is humour in Mr. Cellier's music we have only to point to his treatment of the "chaunts" sung by the monks (real and otherwise) and the facility wherewith he combines their solemn declaration—

Earthly pleasures that allure,
For an hour we abjure—
with the joyful waltz-air sung by the girls—



Enough having been said to prove that the score of "The Mountebanks" is full of *bonnes bouches*, we will devote our remaining words to the performance. First and foremost



MR. J. ROBERTSON AS ALFREDO.

But he does not bargain for the whole of the assembled company drinking also and compelling him to swallow his share. That, however, is what actually occurs, and as it happens that at this particular moment everybody is pretending to be what he or she in reality is not, the effect of the potion is only too complete. The second act, which takes place at the monastery by moonlight—a superb "set"—gradually unfolds the mischief that has been done. The Tamorras have been turned into monks; while their pretty little confederate, the newly married Minestra, has become the aged crone whose face and voice she simulated. Teresa, the village beauty, having made believe that she was mad, is now really out of her mind. Finally, the sly Pietro is suffering tortures such as he himself depicted, and the hapless Bartolo and Nita have exchanged their humanity for Geneva clockwork. Needless to add that some highly diverting incidents arise out of these various metamorphoses. The situation is handled with undeniable skill, and the only

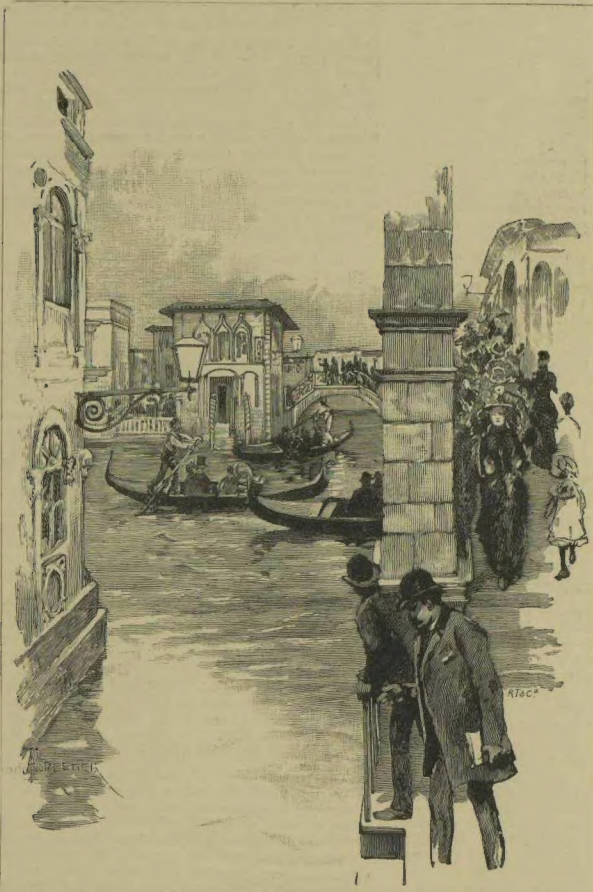
LIONEL BROUGH
PIETRO

MR. FRANK WYATT

MISS LUCILLE
SAUNDERS
ULTRICE

MISS GERALDINE ULMAR AS TERESA.

stand Mr. Harry Monkhouse and Miss Aida Jenoure (a débutante whom London must henceforward make its own), the clever and humorous pair who embody Bartolo and Nita. Of all Mr. Gilbert's odd creations, these are surely the oddest, and it would be impossible to imagine them more perfectly realised. The "eccentric" methods of Mr. Wyatt and Mr. Lionel Brough are effectively displayed in the parts of Arrostino and Pietro, while other comic characters are well filled by Messrs. Furneaux Cook, Arthur Playfair, Charles Gilbert, and Cecil Burt. On the other hand, the higher vocal honours of the representation rest with Miss Geraldine Ulmar (a charming Teresa), Miss Lucille Saunders (Ultrice), Miss Eva Moore (very piquant and pleasing as Minestra), and Mr. J. Robertson (a good-looking and interesting Alfredo). The *mise en scène* is superb in every detail, Mr. Percy Anderson's dresses being, in design and colour, exquisite. The grouping and stage-management are worthy of Mr. Gilbert's practised art, while the training of the entire company reflects the highest credit upon Mr. Caryl, whose entr'acte (founded on one of Teresa's ballads) had to be repeated on the first night. The reception of the opera was altogether enthusiastic.



VENICE IN LONDON (AT OLYMPIA, WEST KENSINGTON).



THE PANTOMIME AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

DRAWN BY PHIL MAY.

PERSONAL.

The sad death of Prince Victor Ferdinand of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, better known to the art world as Count Gleichen, resulted from the protracted weakness caused by cancer in the throat, from which he had long been suffering. He seemed a trifle better, and when his children left him on the evening of Dec. 30 he was calm and cheerful. The Queen, whose nephew he was, and with whom he has been a great favourite, was much grieved at his death, and sent a beautiful wreath, with the inscription "A mark of love, esteem, and regard, from his loving aunt, Victoria R. and I." to be laid on his coffin. His funeral was also attended by the Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family. Prince Victor served with the Naval Brigade in the Crimea and in China, and he had the office of Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle. As a sculptor he was graceful and elegant, his most notable works being a giant statue of Prince Albert, unveiled at Wantage, and a group called "The Deluge." He married a daughter of Admiral Sir George Seymour.

We much regret to announce the death of Mr. W. H. Davenport-Adams, an old contributor to these columns and a journalist and author of wide range. He wrote a number of stories for boys, edited *Shakspeare*, and compiled a concordance. One of his latest ventures was as editor of a promising series entitled "The Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour," in which, with great judgment, he had secured the co-operation of several of the younger men of talent in literature. The literary traditions associated with his name and career are continued with his son, a journalist on the staff of the *Globe* newspaper. Mr. Adams was an agreeable and versatile writer.

The sudden death of Bishop Crowther, on the last day of the old year, removes one of the most picturesque and venerable figures in the whole Anglican communion. The negro slave boy who became a Bishop has been the theme of countless missionary addresses, whilst Crowther's many visits to England have made his face and speech familiar to thousands of Englishmen. The precise age of Crowther is quite uncertain, but he was probably between twelve and thirteen when, in the year 1821, he was carried off by Mohammedan slave dealers. After many vicissitudes he was shipped for South America; but the cargo became the prize of the British Squadron. Landed at Sierra Leone, young Adjai began a new life. He came under Christian instruction, was baptised in 1825, and was soon placed on the staff of the Church Missionary Society. Twenty-one years after that landing at Sierra Leone Crowther was admitted to holy orders, and for some years he worked with great success in the Yoruba country; but in 1864 he was consecrated in Canterbury Cathedral as first Bishop of the Niger Territory. With that field Crowther's name has ever since been associated. The late Bishop was a fluent and forcible speaker, although he never quite mastered idiomatic English. His episcopal rule, long most successful, had, perhaps, slackened during the later years of his age, and Crowther had lately the sorrow of finding some of his native brethren unworthy of the trust he had reposed in them.

Sir George Biddell Airey, the famous astronomer, has at length passed away, at the extreme age of ninety. He was Astronomer-Royal from 1836 to 1882; and his system, combined with the invention of new instruments, did much to improve the value of Greenwich Observatory. He was an authority on coinage—in regard to which he advocated the decimal system—and on railway gauges, and wrote much on antiquarian subjects. His calculations of the dates of ancient eclipses have thrown much light on world-chronology. He was a man of vigorous character and opinions, and his contributions to telescopic observations have permanently advanced his favourite science. He has been President of the Royal Society, and took charge of the arrangements for observing the transit of Venus in 1874.

The peerage conferred on Sir William Thomson has been hailed with acclamation. There is no more distinguished English scientist living than the Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. As mathematician, electrician, and thinker, his position is singularly high. Perhaps his most daring hypothesis has been his theory that life was generated on the earth by transmission from one of the stars—a theory, of course, which, if true, would only explain the transmission of life, not its generation. He is the inventor of a number of instruments employed in the study of atmospheric electricity, of a sounding machine, and of the mirror galvanometer. He is a very popular lecturer, a strong Unionist in politics, and a man of the most varied accomplishments. He succeeded Sir George Stokes as president of the Royal Society in 1890.

Emile Zola is finishing the last chapter of his great war novel, "La Guerre," at Médan, in the beautiful country-house which he has built for himself. The château looks like an enlarged edition of the modern French villa, and is composed of white stone and red brick—a strange combination, specially chosen by the novelist. The hall is furnished with rare Japanese hanging embroideries and curios, and contains, placed in a quaint dead-gold frame, the five portraits of his literary disciples and collaborators in "Les Soirées de Médan." M. Zola works in a small study filled with books and furnished in a severely simple style, but much of his leisure is spent in a great billiard salon. Unlike most Frenchmen, Zola adores the country in winter, and is glad when his wife gives him the excuse of spending New Year's Day at his beloved Médan. The last two years have witnessed an astonishing difference in "Le Maître's" personal appearance: from stout he has become cadaverously thin. He attributes the change to a very strict system of dieting and exercise.

No better representative of the Army now available for the defence of the British and Indian Empire could have been selected by its Queen and Empress for her New Year's gift peacocks than Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Sleigh Roberts, Bart., who is expected soon to retire from the command of the army in India.



ADMIRAL SIR A. W. A. HOOD (NEW PEER).

Acland Hood, G.C.B., son of Sir Alexander Hood, was born at Bath on July 14, 1824. He entered the Royal Navy in 1837, was at St. Jean d'Acre in 1840, served with the Naval Brigade in the Crimea in 1855, and commanded her Majesty's ship *Acorn* in the Chinese War of 1857; he was present at the action of Fatsan and assisted in the capture of Canton. In 1860 he became Director of Naval Ordnance, a Lord of the Admiralty in 1877, and Senior Naval Lord in 1885. From 1879 to 1881 he commanded the Channel Squadron. He was Admiral in 1886, and was placed on the retired list three years later.

M. de Laveleye was a famous figure in what may be called cosmopolitan circles. He was conspicuous at congresses for the promotion of peace, arbitration, and social purity, and his powers as a linguist and wide interests were the marks of the man of European rather than purely national tastes. He lived, indeed, less for his own country, Belgium, than for European Liberalism, as he interpreted it. His attachment to this country was deep and constant. He accepted the economics of John Stuart Mill—of whom he was an old friend, admirer, and disciple—though latterly his views grew more advanced, and he inclined to Mr. Henry George's attitude on the land question. His home, furnished with a very fine library, was a resort of learned and leading spirits of all nations, while his refined presence was welcome in many English circles.

The new Bishop of Sodor and Man, Archdeacon Stratton, is the only son of the late Rev. G. W. Stratton, some time Rector of Aylestone, and claims descent through both his parents from the Duke of York who was captured, and afterwards slain, at the battle of Wakefield in 1460.

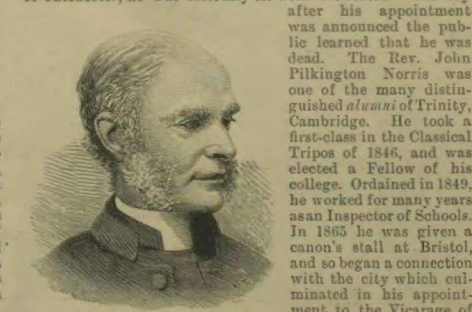


ARCHDEACON STRATTON, The New Bishop of Sodor and Man.

educated at Trinity, Cambridge, and took his B.A. degree in 1862. He was not ordained until 1865, when he became curate of Market Drayton. In the following year Lord Lonsborough gave him the living of Kirkby Wharfe, and there he remained until, in 1875, the late Bishop Bickerseth, of Ripon, offered him the important, although far from lucrative, Vicarage of Wakefield. Mr. Stratton soon became a diocesan as well as a parochial worker. In the former capacity he did excellent service as joint hon. secretary with Canon Brooke, of the Wakefield Bishopric Fund. The enthusiasm which Bishop Boyd Carpenter infused into that movement had much to do with its success; but the untiring labours of the two hon. secretaries must always be held in remembrance. When the new diocese was founded, the Vicar of Wakefield was made one of its Archdeacons; and now he is called to the See of Sodor and Man. The Bishop-Designate belongs to the Evangelical school, and is a decided Protestant; but he is not, as has been alleged, a member of the Church Association.

For the first time in its history, the Vatican has been untrue to one of its secular traditions. It has always been its custom to send condolences on the death of any member of a reigning Catholic family; these condolences were, however, not sent on the death of Dom Pedro of Brazil, and this notwithstanding that the Emperor was a good Catholic, and always remained in excellent relations with the Curia, so much so that a few years ago Leo sent the traditional rose of gold to his daughter, Princess d'En. It was also the custom that at the death of any Catholic Sovereign solemn funeral masses should be celebrated in the Sistine Chapel, at which the Pope assisted in person; yet this, too, was not done in the case of Dom Pedro. It seems that the Vatican is afraid of offending the Brazilian Republic, with which, like all Governments, it wishes to remain in harmony, and from which it hopes much. The days are past in which Pius VI. celebrated solemn funeral masses in honour of Louis XIV., masses which led to the invasion of the States of the Church by French soldiers. Invasions are no longer likely, but the Vatican has grown excessively cautious for fear of displeasing the Governments in power.

When Archdeacon Norris, of Bristol, accepted the Deanery of Chichester, he was seriously ill with bronchitis. The day after his appointment was announced the public learned that he was dead. The Rev. John Pilkington Norris was one of the many distinguished alumni of Trinity, Cambridge. He took a first-class in the Classical Tripos of 1846, and was elected a Fellow of his college. Ordained in 1849, he worked for many years as an Inspector of Schools.



THE LATE ARCHDEACON NORRIS.

In 1865 he was given a canon's stall at Bristol, and so began a connection with the city which culminated in his appointment to the Vicarage of St. Mary, Redcliffe, in 1877. He became Archdeacon of Bristol in 1881, and, from the retirement in which Dean Elliot lived, had for some years been the most prominent

Charchman in that city. His appointment to Chichester was received with general satisfaction, for he had all the qualities which go to make a wise and popular Dean.

Canada has just had to lament the loss of two prominent men. Sir Adam Wilson, the President of the High Court of Justice of Ontario, was one of the most esteemed of Canadian jurists and a type of the successful Scottish colonist. A native of Edinburgh, he went to Canada when a youth, and soon made his way in legal circles in the young colony. Like his namesake, Sir Daniel Wilson, the President of Toronto University, who last autumn received the freedom of the city of Edinburgh, he grew up with the capital of Ontario and shared its fame. Senator Baillargeon, who has also passed away at the ripe age of eighty years, was a Canadian of another type—the French-Canadian Liberal of the old school, whose ranks have been sadly thinned by death in recent years. At the present rate, there will soon be no Liberals left in the Senate Chamber at Ottawa.

The transference of Sir Robert Morier from the Embassy at St. Petersburg to that at Rome closes an episode in our diplomacy which has been of great advantage to this country. The Diplomatic Service may contain more brilliant men than Sir Robert Morier, but it possesses no stronger or more sturdy representative of English statesmanship abroad. The forty years which Sir Robert has spent at various European Courts has brought him in turn to nearly every European capital, and when Mr. Gladstone transferred him to St. Petersburg he was acting as our Ambassador to Spain. More by Prince Bismarck's will than his own, and partly owing to his intimacy with the late Emperor Frederick and the Empress Victoria, Sir Robert became identified with the leadership of anti-Bismarckian diplomacy in Europe. Matters culminated at last in the absurd charge of Count Herbert Bismarck that Sir Robert had betrayed to France the secrets entrusted to him by the Emperor Frederick during the Franco-German War. Sir Robert is popular at St. Petersburg, where he has been Ambassador since 1884.



SIR ROBERT D. MORIER, The New Ambassador to Rome.

The private view of the "Old Masters" at Burlington House the other day was a sociable and pleasing function. The crowd was less dense than usual, doubtless owing to the great number of people who still linger (stretching their Christmas holiday to its utmost limits) in the country. Nevertheless, there was no lack of notabilities. Baroness Burdett-Coutts appeared for a little while; Lady Stanley of Alderley, Lord Westworth, Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P., Mr. Poland, Q.C., his Honour Judge Bacon, Mr. Humphry Ward, and many another well-known personage came and went in the throng. Mr. Puerco, looking extremely bright and well, strayed hither and thither chatting with one and another. Art of the academic order was fairly represented by Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Horsley, R.A., Mr. Sidney Cooper, R.A., Mr. Calderon, R.A., Mr. Brett, R.A., Mr. Poynter, R.A., Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., Mr. Doughton, A.R.A., and Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A. The principal representatives of the stage were Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Hermann Vezin. Among others present were Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. Frederick Wedmore, Mr. McColl (the editor of the *Athenaeum*), Mr. Cotton (the editor of the *Academy*), Mr. Stevens (the *Athenaeum* art critic), and Mr. Edmund Gosse.

Lord Vivian (better known as the Hon. Hussey Vivian) who leaves Brussels to succeed Sir Robert Morier in the more important post of Ambassador at St. Petersburg, is one of the ancient Cornish family of Vivian, and began his official career in the same year as Sir Robert Morier, though nearly eight years younger, becoming a clerk in the Foreign Office in 1851. He was attached to Lord Clarendon's special mission to Paris in 1856, and in 1861 went to Berlin with the Marquis of Breadalbane to assist at the investiture of the King of Prussia with the Order of the Garter. He has been at Athens and Alexandria; in the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia as Consul-General, and filled the same office in Egypt in 1876. Lord Vivian's first appointment as Minister was to Switzerland, in 1879; two years later he was accredited to the King of Denmark, and in 1884 to the King of the Belgians. His lordship was our representative at the recent Slave Trade Conference in Brussels. He succeeded his father as third Lord Vivian in 1886.

At her Majesty's delightfully situated marine residence, Osborne House, a handsome and interesting addition has been made recently, consisting of a new wing connected with the Queen's apartments by a broad corridor. Externally the architecture corresponds with the Italian style of Osborne, while the principal apartment of the new wing is in the Indian manner of decoration, the profuse and elaborate designs for which, the magnificent ceiling, the rich brackets supporting it, the Moorish alcove above the cornice, and the dado with its fine silk-work mouldings, have been carried out under the personal superintendence of the Professor of Art at Lahore University, Ram Singh, who has been busy there for the last nine months.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The portrait of General Sir Frederick Roberts is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W.; Admiral Sir Arthur Hood, by Maull and Fox, 187a, Piccadilly, W.; Sir William Thomson, the Ven. Archdeacon Stratton, and the late Ven. Archdeacon Norris, by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; Sir Robert Morier, by Lombardi and Co., 13, Pall Mall East, S.W.; Lord Vivian, by Hughes and Mullins, of Ryde, Isle of Wight; and the late Prince Victor of Hohenlohe (Count Gleichen), by Chancellor, 55, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.



SIR WILLIAM THOMSON (NEW PEER).

and of the mirror galvanometer. He is a very popular lecturer, a strong Unionist in politics, and a man of the most varied accomplishments. He succeeded Sir George Stokes as president of the Royal Society in 1890.

Emile Zola is finishing the last chapter of his great war novel, "La Guerre," at Médan, in the beautiful country-house which he has built for himself. The château looks like an enlarged edition of the modern French villa, and is composed of white stone and red brick—a strange combination, specially chosen by the novelist. The hall is furnished with rare Japanese hanging embroideries and curios, and contains, placed in a quaint dead-gold frame, the five portraits of his literary disciples and collaborators in "Les Soirées de Médan." M. Zola works in a small study filled with books and furnished in a severely simple style, but much of his leisure is spent in a great billiard salon. Unlike most Frenchmen, Zola adores the country in winter, and is glad when his wife gives him the excuse of spending New Year's Day at his beloved Médan. The last two years have witnessed an astonishing difference in "Le Maître's" personal appearance: from stout he has become cadaverously thin. He attributes the change to a very strict system of dieting and exercise.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The death of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe (says the *World*) has upset all the Court arrangements, and also the intended hospitalities of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham, where there is not now likely to be either a ball or a lawn-meat of the hounds this winter. The contemplated tableaux and theatricals at Osborne, and other projected entertainments, have been abandoned; and the Queen has given up her intention of opening Parliament, and will now remain quietly in the Isle of Wight until within a few days of the royal wedding.

The Queen will not now be in London until the second week of March, when she is coming up to Buckingham Palace for two nights in order to hold the first Drawing-Room, at which her Majesty will receive the Diplomatic Corps. There is to be another Drawing-Room the following week.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will make Sandringham their headquarters until Feb. 8, when they are coming to town for the season.

H.R.H. and the Princess and their family, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck and their family, are, says *Truth*, to go to Windsor Castle, on a visit to the Queen, on Friday, Feb. 26, as will the royal guests from abroad, some of whom will be entertained at Cumberland Lodge by Prince and Princess Christian, and Frogmore is to be utilised for the members of the various suites.

The royal wedding will take place on Feb. 27 in St. George's Chapel, and the wedding breakfast will be given in the Waterloo Gallery of Windsor Castle. Her Majesty will give a State Banquet in St. George's Hall on the night before the wedding.

I have never seen a more interesting first-night audience than that which gathered to welcome Mr. Irving at the Lyceum on Jan. 5. "How will they be able to do anything with so dull a play?" was the question with more than one *fin de siècle* playgoer, forgetful of the fact that our fathers and grandfathers found infinite charm in it, through the interpretations of the Keans and the Kembles. However, there could be but one opinion when the curtain fell upon the fifth act. Apart from the dramatic interest, of which Mr. Clement Scott will treat in our next issue, it must be admitted that the magnificent mounting—upon which rumour says that Mr. Irving has spent ten thousand pounds—would alone redeem the play from the slightest suspicion of dullness. The scene at Cardinal Wolsey's palace and the visitation of angels to Queen Katherine are triumphs of the stage manager's craft.

Everybody has the privilege of inventing a date for the Dissolution. One oracle says it is sure to happen in August, another that there is reason for not expecting it till 1893. Some obliging friend presents Lord Salisbury with a fresh policy every morning. For instance, Ministers are to drop the Irish Local Government Bill as soon as possible, and spend the Session after next in passing a Redistribution of Seats Bill. The probability is that not one of these predictions will come true, but that is the irresponsible charm of making them.

The explosion at Dublin Castle is still mysterious. Experts are not yet decided whether the explosive was gunpowder, gun-cotton, or nitro-glycerine (though one official authority favours this last compound), and nobody has any idea of the object the criminal had in his mind. There was no particular official to be blown up; indeed, if the explosion had taken place in a pantry it could not have been more gratuitous. The *Times* suggests that it was the work of some friend of Mr. Davitt, and Mr. Davitt retorts that it is much more likely to have been hatched in Printing-house Square. Beyond these recriminations I see no political interest in the matter.

Professor Beesly has been admonishing us on the wickedness of our Empire. How much better off we should be if England had no more possessions than in the days when Drake and Howard scattered the Armada! Professor Beesly forgets that in that Elizabethan time the spirit of English aggrandisement was rampant. But what on earth is to be gained by giving up our Imperial interests? The Positivist philosopher says we shall then be saved from alarms about the weakness of our Army. He thinks an Englishman's chief anxiety is to run away from everything which some time or other may tax the national resources. He also thinks that if we abandon every inch of territory beyond the confines of these islands, the other nations will follow our beautiful example, and the lion will lie down with the kid. Professor Beesly is too good for this plan.

I have the greatest admiration for Lord Grimthorpe. He has nothing to do but write letters to the *Times* impartially snubbing everybody. There is a controversy about the protest of thirty-eight ecclesiastics against Biblical criticism, and Lord Grimthorpe joins in the fray with the spirit of the Irishman at Donnybrook who said, "There's a bald head, Tim: hit it!" This is an exhilarating sight, but, so far, it does not promise to increase our stock of ideas.

The campaign against the license of cross-examination has drawn a curious reminiscence from Mr. Frank Lockwood. He was cross-examining a witness in a cattle-stealing case. The witness said he had seen the beast, and Mr. Lockwood asked "How far off can you tell a beast?" whereupon this rude man retorted, "As far as I am from you." With much indignation, Mr. Lockwood adds that he received no amends for this outrage and no protection from the Bench. But surely Mr. Lockwood can take excellent care of himself as a rule, and it is rather irrelevant to defend the excesses of cross-examination by citing the superior smartness of a witness who was asked an impertinent question.

Mr. C. S. Loch, the secretary of the Charity Organisation Society, has replied to the strictures of Mr. Wynne Baxter, the coroner who said the society had more organisation than charity. Mr. Loch points out that on the night a travelling tinker was found dead of starvation and exposure, several refuges in the neighbourhood were not full. But as there is no evidence that the unfortunate tinker had the smallest idea that such places existed, I should like Mr. Loch to explain how this disastrous ignorance is to be systematically enlightened! Charity in this case was waiting for the unfortunate victim of poverty, but there was not enough organisation to take him to her door.

Many loyal corporations are bestirring themselves to collect suitable gifts for the royal pair who are to be married on Feb. 27; but the greatest interest will be excited by the present to Princess May for which the ladies of England are invited to subscribe by a committee of aristocratic dames. I suspect, however, that the Duke of Clarence is thinking less about these agreeable tokens of sentiment than of the wedding present it is rumoured that the Government will invite the House of Commons to contribute. As it is held in some quarters that the compact of two years ago, when a sum was voted by Parliament for the Prince of Wales's children,

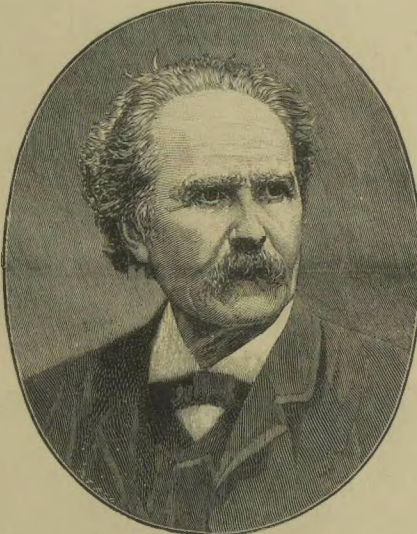
precludes any further application, there is ominous promise of an unpleasant controversy.

The struggle at Eastbourne has entered a new phase. All the Nonconformist bodies are now at war with the local authorities, who have prohibited all open-air services on Sunday, with or without music. It is difficult to see what is gained by this policy. It certainly does not make Eastbourne tranquil, for every Sunday is now spent by the police in dispersing religious meetings, to the huge enjoyment of the mob. As the action of the Eastbourne Town Council is held by distinguished legal experts to be contrary to the law, it is not likely to prevail in the long run.

A correspondence between the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice shows that some changes are meditated by high authorities in our judicature. Possibly they will embrace the habits of police magistrates, who are charged with spending an inordinate time at lunch. A medical man rushes into the *Times* to complain that when he went to a certain court to attend a summons at two o'clock, he found that the Bench had been at lunch for half an hour, and that this refection was prolonged till twenty minutes to three. I see that some of the newspapers have taken up this matter as a scandal of the first magnitude; so, no doubt, the magistrates will now nibble a biscuit without venturing to adjourn at all.

Sir William Harcourt has contributed to the humours of the festive season the suggestion that Mr. Chamberlain is authorised by the Duke of Devonshire to expound the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales as a part of the Unionist policy. The Duke has taken an impressive leave of his old constituents in Rosendale; and, as he has been elected Chancellor of Cambridge University, he may be met any day strolling on the banks of the Cam, and meditating Latin epigrams at the expense of Mr. Gladstone.

I regret to have to note the death of Baron, or as he was better known here, of M. de Laveleye, from influenza, at the age of seventy. M. de Laveleye, though a Belgian by birth, spent a good part of his time in England, was a frequent contributor to our magazines and newspapers, and took the greatest interest in our politics and institutions. He was specially devoted to the cause of peace and of international arbitration, was a bi-metallist and a staunch Protestant. He



THE LATE M. DE LAVELEYE.

held to his death the post of Professor of Political Economy at the University of Liège, and was correspondent to a number of learned societies in Europe. Among his chief works were "De la Propriété," "Le Protestantisme et le Catholicisme," "La Question d'Or," and a recent book in denunciation of modern luxury.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-two begins well. From all quarters comes news of profound peace, and the European political horizon is absolutely cloudless. The same phenomenon recurs regularly every year, even when, but a few weeks before the end of December, wild and alarming rumours have been current in all Continental capitals; but this year the confidence in the maintenance of peace seems more genuine and more general than has been the case for a long time, than which nothing could be more satisfactory.

The New Year's receptions in Germany, France, Belgium, Italy, Austria, the United States, and, I may say, in every country except those which do not begin the year until Jan. 13, such as Russia and Turkey, have been held with the usual ceremonial. Emperors, Kings, and Presidents of Republics have, on the first day of the year, stood for hours in gorgeous rooms, surrounded by dignitaries more or less gold-laced delivering and listening to speeches, bowing and shaking hands promiscuously, and, no doubt, feeling very tired when the ordeal was over. The First of January, which fortunately comes but once a year, is the busiest day in the whole twelve-month for the chiefs of foreign States and for the numerous high officials who have to be in attendance upon them. Nothing in the speeches delivered on this occasion deserves to be noticed, except that they were all of the most reassuring kind.

If the state of Europe is most satisfactory, politically speaking, it leaves much to be desired from the point of view of health. Influenza is very prevalent, from one end of Europe to the other, from Rome to St. Petersburg and from London to Constantinople. Doctors disagree as to its causes and its treatment, and the number of people who have caught the disease—or, rather, who have been caught by it—amounts to thousands, if not hundreds of thousands. A German doctor, I see, has discovered the influenza bacillus, which is, probably, a very great scientific achievement. But it strikes me that the poor people who are suffering from influenza would be more grateful to the man, be he a doctor or a layman, who found a cure for that insidious disease.

I have always been under the impression that the best dancers—especially waltzers—were the Germans, and that of all Germans military officers were the most accomplished masters of the saltatorial art. And now this fond belief is

rudely shaken by the recent intimation made by the German Emperor to the colonels of the regiments of the Potsdam garrison, that officers who are unable to dance would do well not to attend Court balls. It appears that a short time ago, at a ball at Potsdam, the Emperor was painfully struck by the unsatisfactory performances of some of his officers. Hence the hint given to the colonels of the Potsdam garrison.

If people cannot be made sober by Act of Parliament, they can be taught manners by law—at least in Germany, where a Socialist Democrat has just been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for having declined to rise on an occasion when cheers for the Emperor were called for.

Labour disputes in Germany are the order of the day. The operative shoemakers intend to strike if an increase of wages is not granted to them; the Brunswick bakers have decided to demand higher wages, and threaten to strike if they do not obtain them; while the miners in the Holzapfel district have struck. As to the printers who for some time have been on strike, they still hold out, although it is said that they cannot carry on the fight much longer through lack of funds.

The "Germanisation" of Alsace-Lorraine is going on apace. According to an official notice recently published, on and after April 1 next it will be unlawful to calculate salaries or to keep accounts in francs. The mark now must be used instead of francs, under a penalty of a maximum fine of 2000 marks or six months' imprisonment; and in commercial lawsuits that may arise after that date the Courts are to consider the amounts in dispute as being in marks, so that the successful litigants will be gainers by about twenty-five per cent.

The Soudanese, for some reason or other, possibly because German officers are very strict disciplinarians, have not enlisted in sufficient numbers for service in the German colonial army. Major von Wissmann could only induce about three hundred of them to take the "Emperor's mark," or whatever is the German equivalent for the Queen's shilling, and 300 Zulus have been enlisted to make up the 600 men required. Apropos of Major von Wissmann, this distinguished officer will return to East Africa in May or June next, and take command of the expedition to the Victoria Nyanza.

Perhaps the most important political news of the week, if confirmed, is the announcement that the Emperor of Austria may visit King Humbert during the present year. His Apostolic Majesty, being the most orthodox Catholic Sovereign, has always been prevented from going to Rome because he could not go to the Quirinal without going also to the Vatican, or to the Vatican without going to the Quirinal. It is now said that this interesting and delicate diplomatic problem has been solved, and that the respective attitudes of the King of Italy, the Pope, and the Emperor, should the last-mentioned Sovereign visit Rome, have been agreed upon in principle, and that only matters of detail remain to be settled. As the Emperor of Austria, a member of the Triple Alliance, is also the only European Sovereign willing to support the Papacy, his visit to Rome, if it came about under such circumstances, would have considerable political importance. At the same time, I think it will be wise to wait for a confirmation of this news before indulging in speculation as to the possible consequences of a visit of the Emperor of Austria to the Pope and to King Humbert.

In the opinion of the pleasure-loving Viennese, however, the most important event of the week has been the production of Johann Strauss's new opera, "Ritter Posman." This was the composer's first grand opera, and the curiosity of the public was greatly excited. From all accounts it is quite evident that "Ritter Posman," although a work of great merit, has met with but moderate success.

The French Deputies have had no New Year's holiday. I believe such a thing to be unprecedented; but there was so much work to be done to wind up the Session that it was impossible for them to enjoy the usual recess. So they have been pegging away, voting amendments to the Customs tariff and passing notes on account, and they will continue to do so until January 11, when the Session will close. The new Session will open on the following day, and the present year's work will begin in earnest.

The Irish question has crossed the Channel and invaded France. A young Irish lady, Miss Maud Gonne, arrived in Paris a few days ago, for the purpose of explaining to the French the intricacies of the Home Rule and agrarian questions, and to enlist their sympathies in the cause of the Irish people. She hopes to be able to rouse the enthusiasm of the Parisians to such an extent as to influence the action of the English Government and to form an Irish association in Paris. I have no doubt that Miss Gonne will be very well received in France; but I am certain that the sympathy of the French will not take the practical shape that the plucky little Irish lady seems to expect.

I have learned with deep regret that M. Guy de Maupassant attempted to commit suicide on Jan. 1 at Cannes, while in a fit of delirious fever. He had been for some time suffering from a nervous illness resulting from overwork, and his friends had noticed with great concern the effects of the disease on his constitution—never at any time a very vigorous one. After attempting to kill himself with a revolver, from which the bullets had been removed by his friends, he took up a razor and wounded himself slightly in the throat. He has been taken to a lunatic asylum. I sincerely hope that he may recover and add fresh laurels to those he has already won by the brilliant works which have made him one of the best, if not the best, French novelist of the day.

From Russia we still hear of plots and arrests, and of the sufferings of starving peasants. In some places the country people sell or pledge their agricultural implements and farm stock in order to raise a little money to purchase food. In several provinces the local councils, or *zemstvo*, have opened offices for making loans to the peasants at small interest, so that they shall not be fleeced by the professional money-lenders. Two delegates of the Society of Friends of Great Britain, Messrs. Brooks and Fox, who were deputed to visit the famine-stricken districts, have returned to St. Petersburg. They say that the distress is spread over a vast extent of country, and express the hope that all nations will give proof of their sympathy for the people of Russia in their need. Let us hope that this appeal may be responded to. But it is impossible not to feel that it would have been wiser on the part of the Russian Government to let the truth be known sooner, instead of trying to prevent the papers from revealing the true state of affairs.

I cannot believe that the dispute between the United States and Chile, in consequence of the attack upon the sailors of the *Baltimore*, will lead to serious complications, and, whether Chilean apologues to the United States Government or not, some means will be found of settling the matter without firing a shot.

INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL: ENGLAND v. WALES.



THE MATCH AT BLACKHEATH.



J. TOOTHILL
T. KENT.

J. PIKE.
E. EMMOTT.
W. NICHOLL.

W. YARD.
F. H. R. ALDERSON.
W. B. THOMSON.

W. E. BROMETT.
F. BULLOUGH.

G. C. HUBBARD.
R. E. LOCKWOOD.
A. BRIGGS.

F. EVERSHED.
A. ALLPORT.

THE ENGLISH TEAM.



"Be quiet, Koos!" I whispered to him.

NADA THE LILY.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

MOPO VENTURES HOME.

I threw myself down on the grass and panted till my strength came back; then I went and hid in a patch of reeds down by a swamp. All day long I lay there thinking. What was I to do? Now I was a jackal without a hole. If I went back to my people, certainly they would kill me, whom they thought a thief. My blood would be given for Noma's, and that I did not wish, though my heart was sad. Then there came into my mind the thought of Chaka, the boy to whom I had given the cup of water long ago. I had heard of him: his name was known in the land; already the air was big with it; the very trees and grass spoke it. The words he had said and the vision that my mother had seen were beginning to come true. By the help of the Umotwas, he had taken the place of his father Senzangaona; he had driven out the tribe of the Amaquabe; now he had made war on Zweete, chief of the Endwande, and the Endwande he had sworn he would stamp flat, so that nobody could find them any more. Now I remembered how this Chaka promised that he would make me great, and that I should grow fat in his shadow; and I thought in myself that I would arise and go to him. Perhaps he would kill me: well, what did it matter? Certainly I should be killed if I stayed here. Yes, I would go. But now my heart pulled another way. There was but one thing that I loved in the world—it was my sister Baleka. My father had betrothed her to the chief of a neighbouring tribe, but I knew that this marriage was against her wish. Perhaps my sister would run away with me if I could get near her to tell her that I was going. I would try—yes, I would try.

I waited till the darkness came down, then I rose from my bed of weeds and crept like a jackal towards the kraal. In the meadow gardens I stopped awhile, for I was very hungry, and filled myself with the half-ripe mealies. Then I went on till I came to the kraal. Some of my people were seated outside of a hut, talking together over a fire. I crept near, silently as a snake, and hid behind a little bush. I knew that they could not see me outside the ring of the firelight, and I wanted to hear what they said. As I thought, they were talking of me and called me many names. They said that I should bring ill-luck on the tribe by having killed so great a witch-doctor as Noma, also that the people of the headman would demand payment for the assault on him. I learned, moreover, that my father had ordered all the men of the tribe out to hunt for me on the morrow and to kill me wherever they found me. "Ah!" I thought, "you may hunt, but you will bring nothing home to the pot." Just then a dog that was lying by the fire got up and began to sniff the air. I could

not see what dog it was—indeed, I had forgotten all about the dogs when I drew near the kraal; that is what comes of want of experience, my father. The dog sniffed and sniffed, then he began to growl, looking always my way, and I grew afraid.

"What is the dog growling at?" said one man to another. "Go and see." But the other man was taking snuff and did not like to move. "Let the dog go and see for himself," he answered, sneezing, "what is the good of keeping a dog if you have to catch the thief?" "Go on, then," said the first man to the dog, and he ran forward, barking. Then I saw him: it was my own dog, Koos, a very good dog. Presently, as I lay not knowing what to do, he smelt my smell, stopped barking, and running round the bush he found me and began to lick my face. "Be quiet, Koos!" I whispered to him, and he lay down by my side.

"Where has that dog gone now?" said the first man. "Is he bewitched, that he stops barking suddenly and does not come back?"

"We will see," said the other, rising, a spear in his hand. Now, once more I was terribly afraid, for I thought that they would catch me, or I must run for my life again. But as I sprang up to run, a big black snake glided between the men and went off towards the huts. They jumped aside in a great fright, then all turned to follow the snake, saying that this was what the dog was barking at. That was my good Ehloso, my father, which without any doubt took the shape of a snake to save my life.

When they had gone I crept off the other way, and Koos followed me. At first I thought that I would kill him, lest he should betray me; but when I called him to me to knock him on the head with my kerrie, he sat down on the ground and wagged his tail, and seemed to smile in my face, and I could not do it. So I thought that I would take my chance, and we went on together. This was my purpose: first to creep into my own hut and get my assegais and a skin blanket, then to gain speech with Baleka. My hut, I thought, would be empty, for nobody slept there except myself; and the huts of Noma were some paces away to the right. I came to the reed fence that surrounded the huts. Nobody was to be seen at the gate, which was not shut with thorns as usual. That was my duty, and I had not been there to do it. So, bidding the dog lie down outside, I stepped through boldly, came to the door of my hut, and listened. It was empty; there was not even a breath to be heard. So I crept in and began to search for my assegais, my water-gourd, and my wood pillow, which was so nicely carved that I did not like to leave it. Soon I found them. Then I felt about for my skin rug, and as I did so my hand touched something cold. I started, and felt again. It was a man's face—the face

of a dead man, of Noma, whom I had killed and who had been laid in my hut to await burial. Oh! then I was frightened, for Noma dead and in the dark was worse than Noma alive. I made ready to fly, when suddenly I heard the voices of women talking outside the door of the hut. I knew the voices: they were those of Noma's two wives, and one of them said that she was coming in to watch by her husband's body. Now I was in a trap indeed, for before I could do anything I saw the light go out of the hole in the hut, and knew by the sound of a fat woman puffing as she bent herself up that Noma's first wife was coming through it. Presently she was in, and, squatting herself by the side of the corpse in such a fashion that I could not get to the door, began to make lamentations and to call down curses on me. Ah! she did not know that I was listening. I too squatted by Noma's head, and grew quick-witted in my fear. Now that the woman was there I was not so much afraid of the dead man, and I remembered, too, that he had been a great cheat; so I thought I would make him cheat for the last time. I placed my hands beneath his shoulders and pushed him up so that he sat upon the ground. The woman heard the noise, and made a sound in her throat.

"Will you not be quiet, you old hag?" I said in Noma's voice. "Can you not let me be at peace, even now when I am dead?"

She heard, and, falling backwards in fear, drew in her breath to shriek aloud.

"What! will you also dare to shriek?" I said again in Noma's voice; "then I must teach you silence." And I tumbled him over on to the top of her.

Then her senses left her, and whether she ever found them again I do not know. At least she grew quiet for that time. For me, I snatched up the rug—afterwards I found it was Noma's best kaross, made by Basutos of chosen cat-skins, and worth five oxen—and I fled, followed by Koos.

Now, the kraal of the chief, my father, Makedama, was two hundred paces away, and there I must go, for there Baleka slept. Also I dared not enter by the gate, because a man was always on guard there. So I cut my way through the reed fence with my assegai and crept to the hut where Baleka was with some of her half-sisters. I knew what side of the hut it was her custom to lie, and where her head would be. So I lay down on my side and gently, very gently, began to bore a hole in the grass covering of the hut. It took a long while, for the thatch was thick, but at last I was nearly through it. Then I stopped, for it came into my mind that Baleka might have changed her place and that I should wake the wrong girl. Almost I gave it over, thinking that I would fly alone, when suddenly I heard a girl wake and begin to cry on the other

side of the thatch. "Ah," I thought, "that is Baleka, who weeps for her brother!" So I put my lips where the thatch was thinnest and whispered—

"Baleka, my sister! Baleka, do not weep! I, Mopo, am here. Say not a word, but rise. Come out of the hut, bringing your skin blanket."

Now, Baleka was very clever: she did not shriek, as most girls would have done. No; she understood, and, after waiting awhile, she rose and crept from the hut, her blanket in her hand.

"Why are you here?" she whispered, as we met. "Surely you will be killed!"

"Hush!" I said, and then I told her of the plan which I had made. "Will you come with me?" I said, when I had done, "or will you creep back into the hut and bid me farewell?"

She thought a while, then she said, "No, my brother, I will come, for I love you alone among our people, though I believe that this will be the end of it—that you will lead me to my death."

I did not think much of her words at the time, but afterwards they came back to me. So we slipped away together, followed by the dog Koos, and soon we were running over the veldt with our faces set towards the country of the Zulu tribe.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FLIGHT OF MPO AND BALEKA.

All the rest of that night we journeyed, till even the dog was tired. Then we hid in a meadow for the day, as we were afraid of being seen. Towards the afternoon we heard voices, and, looking through the stems of the meadow, we saw a party of my father's men passing searching for us. They went on to a neighbouring kraal to ask if we had been seen, and after that we saw them no more for awhile. At night we travelled again; but, as fate would have it, we were met by an old woman, who looked oddly at us but said nothing. After that we pushed on day and night, for we knew that the old woman would tell the pursuers if she met them; and so indeed it came about. On the third evening we reached some meadow gardens, and saw that they had been trampled down. Among the broken meadowies we found the body of a very old man, as full of assegai wounds as a porcupine with quills. We wondered at this, and went on a little way. Then we saw that the kraal to which the gardens belonged was burnt down. We crept up to it, and—ah! it was sad for us to see! Afterwards we became used to such sights. All about lay the bodies of dead people, scores of them—old men, young men, women, children, little babies at the breast—there they lay among the burnt huts, pierced with assegai wounds. Red was the earth with their blood, and red they looked in the red light of the setting sun. It was as though all the land had been smeared with the bloody hand of the Great Spirit, of the Umkulunkulu. Baleka saw it and began to cry: she was weary, poor girl, and we had found little to eat, only grass and green meadowies.

"An enemy has been here," I said, and as I spoke I thought that I heard a groan from the other side of a broken reed hedge. I went and looked. There lay a young woman: she was cut to pieces, but still alive, my father. A little way from her lay a man dead, and before him several other men of another tribe: he had died fighting. In front of the woman were the bodies of three children; another, a little one, lay on her body. I looked at the woman, and, as I looked, she groaned again, opened her eyes and saw me, and that I had a spear in my hand.

"Kill me quick!" she said. "Have you not tortured me enough?"

I said that I was a stranger and did not want to kill her.

"Then bring me water," she said; "there is a spring there behind the kraal."

I called to Baleka to come to the woman, and went with my gourd to the spring. There were bodies in it, but I dragged them out, and when the water had cleared a little I filled the gourd and brought it to the woman. She drank deep, and her strength came back a little—the water gave her life.

"How did you come to this?" I asked.

"It was an impi of Chaka, Chief of the Zulus, that slew us," she answered. "They burst upon us at dawn this morning while

we were asleep in our huts. Yes, I woke up to hear the sound of killing. I was sleeping with my husband, he who lies there, and the children. We all ran out. My husband had a spear and shield. He was a brave man. See! he died bravely: he killed three of the Zulu devils before he himself was dead. Then they caught me, and killed my children, and stabbed me till they thought that I was dead. Afterwards, they went away. I don't know why they came, but I think it was because the chief would not send men to help Chaka against Zweceto."

She stopped, gave a great cry, and was dead.

My sister wept at the sight, and I too was stirred in my heart. "Ah!" I thought to myself, "the Great Spirit must be evil. If he were not evil such things would not happen." That is how I thought then, my father: now I think differently. I know that we had not found out the path of the Great Spirit, that is all. I was a chicken in those days, my father: afterwards I got used to such sights. They did not stir me any more, not a bit.

lest he should kill us. Still, we had nowhere to turn, so I said that we would walk along till something happened. Now we grew faint with hunger and weariness, and Baleka said that we had better sit down and die, for then there would be no more trouble. So we sat down by a spring. But I did not wish to die yet, though Baleka was right, and it would have been well to do so. As we sat, the dog Koos went to a bush that was near, and presently I heard him spring at something and the sound of struggling. I ran to the bush—he had caught hold of a duiker buck, as big as himself, that was asleep in it. Then I drove my spear into the buck and shouted for joy, for here was food. When the buck was dead I skinned him, and we took bits of the flesh, washed them in the water, and ate them, for we had no fire to cook them with. It is not nice to eat uncooked flesh, but we were so hungry that we did not mind, and strength came back to us from the food. When we had eaten what we could, we rose and washed ourselves at the

spring; but, as we washed, Baleka looked up and gave a cry of fear. For there, on the crest of the hill, about ten spear-throws away, were a party of six armed men, and these men were people of my own tribe—children of my father Makedama—who still pursued us to take us or slay us. They saw us—they raised a shout, and began to run. We too sprang up and ran—ran like a buck, for fear had touched our feet.

Now, the land lay thus. Before us the ground was open and sloped down to the banks of the White Umfolozi, which twisted through the plain like a great and shining snake. On the other side the ground rose again, and we did not know what was beyond, but we thought that in this direction lay the kraal of Chaka. We ran for the river—where else were we to run? And after us came the warriors. They gained on us; they were strong, and they were angry because they had come so far. Run as we would, still they gained. Now we neared the banks of the river; it was full and wide. Above us the waters ran angrily, breaking into swirls of white where they passed over sunken rocks; below was a rapid, in which none might live; between the two a deep pool, where the water was quiet but the stream strong.

"Ah! my brother, what shall we do?" gasped Baleka.

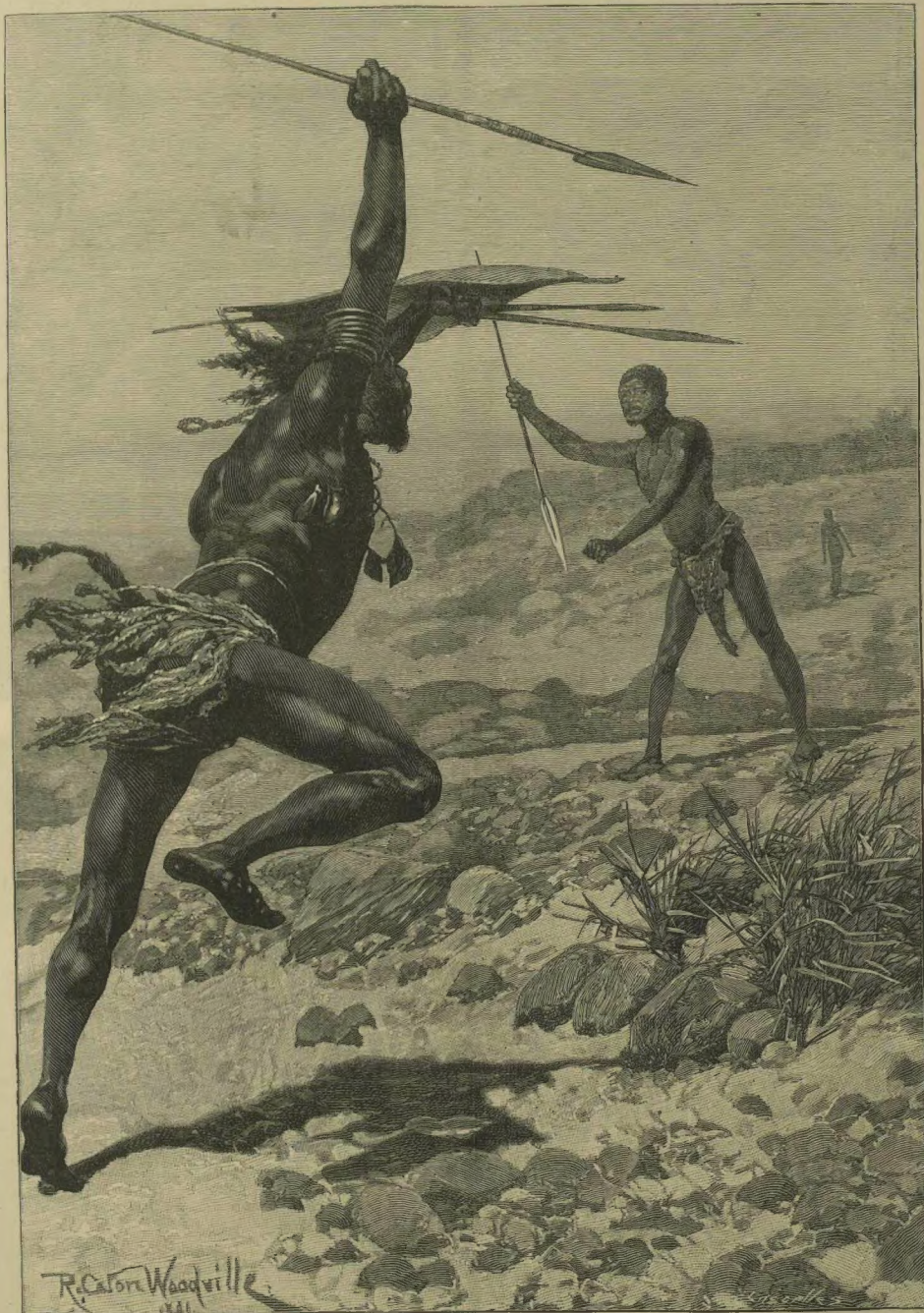
"There is this to choose," I answered: "perish on the spears of our people or try the river."

"Easier to die by water than on iron," she answered.

"Good!" I said. "Now may our snakes look towards us and the spirits of our fathers be with us! At the least we can swim." And I led her to the head of the pool. We threw away our blankets—everything except an assegai, which I held in my teeth—and we plunged in, wading as far as we could. Now we were up to our breasts; now we had lost the earth and were swimming towards the middle of the river, the dog Koos leading the way.

Then it was that the soldiers appeared upon the bank. "Ah! little people," one cried, "you swim, do you? Well, you will drown; and if you do not drown we know a ford, and we will catch you and kill you—yes! if we run over the edge of the world after you we will catch you." And he hurled an assegai after us, which fell between us like a flash of light.

Now we swam hard, and now we were in the current. It swept us downwards, but still we made way, for we could swim well. It was just this: if we could reach the bank before we were swept into the rapids we were safe; if not, then—good-night! Now we were near the foaming water. We strained, we struggled. Baleka was a brave girl, and she swam bravely; but the water pushed her down below me, and I could do nothing to help her. I got my foot upon the rock and looked round. There she was, and eight paces from her the broken water boiled. I could not go back. I was too weak, and it seemed that she must perish. But the dog Koos saw. He swam to her barking, then turned round heading for the shore. She grasped him by the tail with her right hand. Then he put out his strength—he was very strong. She too struck with her feet and her left hand, and slowly—very slowly—drew near. Then I stretched out the handle of my assegai towards her. She caught it with her left hand. Already her feet were over the brink of the rapids, but I pulled and Koo



This man shouted out loud and charged me, shield and spear up.

But then in the days of Chaka the rivers ran blood—yes, we had to look at the water to see if it was clean before we drank. People learned how to die then and not make a noise about it. What does it matter? They would have been dead now anyway. It does not matter; nothing matters, except being born. That is a mistake, my father.

We stopped at the kraal that night, but we could not sleep, for we heard the *Itongo*, the ghosts of the dead people, moving about and calling each other. It was natural that they should do so: men were looking for their wives, and mothers for their children. But we were afraid that they might be angry with us for being there, so we clung together and trembled in each other's arms. Koos also trembled, and from time to time he howled loudly. But they did not seem to see us, and towards morning their cries grew fainter.

When the first light came we rose and picked our way through the dead down to the plain. Now we had an easy road to follow to Chaka's kraal, for there was the spoor of the impi and of the cattle which they had stolen, and sometimes we came to the body of a warrior who had been killed because his wounds prevented him from marching farther. But now I was doubtful whether we would go to Chaka, for after what we had seen I grew afraid

pulled, and we brought her safe into the shallows, and from the shallows to the bank, and there she fell gasping.

Now, when the soldiers on the other bank saw that we had crossed, they shouted threats at us, then ran away down the bank.

"Arise, Baleka!" I said: "they have gone to seek a ford."

"Ah, let me die!" she answered.

But I forced her to rise, and after a while her strength came back, and we walked on as fast as we could up the long rise. For two hours we walked, or more, till at last we came to the crest of the rise, and there, far away, we saw a large kraal.

"Keep heart," I said. "See, there is the kraal of Chaka."

"Yes, brother," she answered, "but what waits us there? Death is behind us and before us—we are in the middle of death."

Presently we came to a path that ran to the kraal from the ford of the Umfelozi. It was by it that the Impi had travelled. We followed the path till at least we were but half an hour's journey from the kraal. Then we looked back, and lo! there behind us were the pursuers—five of them—one had been drowned crossing the river.

Again we ran, but now we were weak, and they gained upon us. Then once more I thought of the dog. He was fierce and would tear anyone on whom I set him. I called him and told him what to do, though I knew that it would be his death. He understood, and flew towards the soldiers growling, his hair standing up upon his back. They tried to kill him with spears and knives, but he jumped round them, biting at them, and kept them back. At last a man hit him, and he sprang up and seized the man by the throat. There he clung, man and dog rolling over and over together, till the end of it was that they both died together. Ah! he was a dog! We do not see such dogs nowadays. His father was a Boer hound, the first that came into the country. That dog once killed a leopard all by himself. Well, this was the end of Koo!

Meanwhile, we had been running. Now we were but three hundred paces from the gate of the kraal, and there was something going on inside it; for we could see from the noise and dust. The four soldiers, leaving the dead dog and the dying man, came after us swiftly. I saw that they must catch us before we reached the gate, for now Baleka could go but slowly. Then a thought came into my heart. I had brought her here, I would save her life if I could. Should she reach the kraal without me, Chaka would not kill a girl who was so young and fair.

"Run on, Baleka! run on!" I said, dropping behind. Now she was well-nigh blind with weakness and terror, and, not seeing my purpose, staggered towards the gate of the kraal. But I sat down on the veldt to get my breath again, for I was about to fight four men till I was killed. My heart beat and my blood drummed in my ears, but when they drew near and I rose—the assegai in my hand—once more the red cloth seemed to go up and down before my eyes, and all fear left me.

The men were running, two and two, with the length of a spear-throw between them. But of the first pair one was five or six paces in front of the other. This man shouted out loud and charged me, shield and spear up. Now, I had no shield—nothing but the assegai; but I was crafty and he was overbold. On he came. I stood waiting for him till he drew back the spear to stab me. Then suddenly I dropped to my knees and thrust upward with all my strength beneath the rim of his shield; and he also thrust, but over me, his spear only cutting the flesh of my shoulder—see! it was its scar; yes, to this day. And my assegai? Ah! it went home; it ran through and through his middle. He rolled over and over on the plain. The dust hid him; only I was now weaponless, for the haft of my spear—it was but a light throwing-assegai—broke in two, leaving nothing but a little bit of stick in my hand. And the other one was on me! He looked tall as a tree above me. I was already dead; there was no hope for me. Darkness opened to swallow me. Then in the darkness I saw a light. I fell on to my hands and knees and flung myself over sideways. My body struck the legs of the man who was about to stab me, lifting his feet from beneath him. Down he came heavily. Before he had touched the ground I was off it. His spear had fallen from his hand. I stooped, seized it, and as he rose I stabbed him through the back. It was all done in the shake of a leaf, my father. In the shake of a leaf he also was dead. Then I ran, for I had no stomach for the other two; my valour was gone. About a hundred paces from me Baleka was staggering along with her arms out like one who has drunk too much beer. By the time I caught her she was some forty paces from the gate of the kraal. But then her strength left her altogether. Yes! there she fell senseless, and I stood by her. And there, too, I should have been slain had not this chance, since the other two men, having stayed one instant by their dead fellows, came on against me mad with wrath. For at that moment the gate of the kraal opened, and through it ran a party of soldiers dragging a man by the arms. After them walked a great man, who wore a leopard skin on his shoulders, and was laughing, and with him were five or six ringed councillors, and after them again came a company of warriors.

The soldiers saw that killing was going on, and ran up just as the slayers reached us.

"Who are you?" they cried, "who dare to kill at the gate of the Elephant's kraal? Here the Elephant kills alone." "We are of the children of Makedama," they answered, "and we follow these evildoers who have done wickedness and murder in our kraal. See! but now two of us are dead at their hands, and others lie dead along the road. Suffer that we slay them."

"Ask that of the Elephant," said the soldiers; "ask too that he suffer you should not be slain."

Just then the tall chief saw blood and heard words. He stalked up; and he was a great man to see, though still young in years. For he was taller by a head than any round him, and his chest was big as the chests of two; his face was fierce and beautiful, and when he grew angry his eye flashed like a smitten brand.

"Who are these that dare to stir up dust at the gates of my kraal?" he asked frowning.

"O Chaka, O Elephant!" answered the captain of the soldiers, throwing himself to the earth before him, "the men say that these are evildoers and that they pursue them to kill them."

"Good!" he answered. "Let them slay the evildoers."

"O great chief! thanks be to thee, great chief!" said those who sought to slay us.

"I hear you," he answered, then spoke once more to the captain. "And when they have slain the evildoers, let themselves be blinded and turned loose to seek their way home, because they have dared to lift a spear within the Zulu gates. Now praise on, my children!" and he laughed, while the soldiers murmured, "Oh! he is wise, he is great, his justice is bright and terrible like the sun!"

But the two men cried out in fear, for this they did not seek.

"Cut out their tongues also," said Chaka. "What? shall

the land of the Zulus suffer such a noise? Never! lest the cattle miscarry. To it, ye black ones! There lies the girl. She is asleep and helpless. Slay her! What? you hesitate! Nay, then, if you will have time for thought, I will give it. Take these men, smear them with honey, and pin them over ant-hills; by to-morrow's sun they will know their own minds. But first kill these two hunted jackals," and he pointed to Baleka and myself. "They seem tired and doubtless they long for sleep."

Then for the first time I spoke, for the soldiers drew near to slay us.

"O Chaka," I cried, "I am Mopo, and this is my sister Baleka."

I stopped, and a great shout of laughter went up from all who stood round.

"Very well, Mopo and thy sister Baleka," said Chaka, grimly. "Good morning to you, Mopo and Baleka—also, good night!"

"O Chaka," I broke in, "I am Mopo, son of Makedama of the Langeni tribe. It was I who gave thee a gourd of water many years ago, when we both were little. Then thou badest me come to thee when thou hadst grown great; vowing that thou wouldst protect me and never do me harm. So I have come, bringing my sister with me; and now, I pray thee, do not eat up the words of long ago."

As I spoke, Chaka's face changed, and he listened earnestly, as a man who holds his hand behind his ear. "Those are no lies," he said. "Welcome, Mopo! Thou shalt be a dog in my hut, and feed from my hand. But of thy sister I said nothing. Why, then, should she not be slain when I swore vengeance against all thy tribe, save the alone?"

"Because she is too fair to slay, O Chief!" I answered, boldly, "also because I love her, and ask her life as a boon."

"Turn the girl over," said Chaka; and they did so, showing her face.

"Again thou speakest no lie, son of Makedama," said the chief. "I grant thee the boon. She also shall lie in my hut, and be of the number of my 'sisters.' Now tell me thy tale, speaking only the truth."

So I sat down and told him all. Nor did he grow weary of hearkening. But, when I had done, he said but one thing—that he would that the dog Kooos had not been killed; since, if he had still been alive, he would have set him on the hut of my father Makedama, and made him chief over the Langeni.

Then he spoke to the captain of the soldiers. "I take back my words," he said. "Let not these men of the Langeni be mutilated. One shall die and the other shall go free. Here," and he pointed to the man we had seen led out of the kraal-gate. "Here, Mopo, we have a man who has proved himself a coward. Yesterday a kraal of wizards yonder was eaten up by my order—perhaps you two saw it as you travelled. This man and three others attacked a soldier of the kraal who defended his wife and children. The man fought well—he slew three of my people. Then this dog was afraid to meet him face to face. He slew him with a throwing-assegai, and afterwards he stabbed the woman. That is nothing; but he should have killed the husband hand to hand. Now I will do him honour. He shall fight to the death with one of these pigs from thy sty," and he pointed with his spear to the men of my father's kraal, "and he who survives shall be run down as they tried to run you down. The other pig I will send back to the sty with a message. Choose, children of Makedama, which of you will live."

Now, the two men of my tribe were brothers, and loved one another, and each of them was willing to die that the other might go free. Therefore, both of them stepped forward, saying that they would fight the Zulu.

"What, is there honour among pigs?" said Chaka. "Then I will settle it. See this assegai? I throw it into the air; if the blade falls uppermost the tall man shall go free, if the shaft falls uppermost, then life is to the short one, so!" And he sent the little spear whirling round and round in the air. Every eye watched it as it wheeled and fell. The haft struck the ground first.

"Come hither, thou," said Chaka to the tall brother.

"Hasten back to the kraal of Makedama, and say to him, Thus says Chaka, the Lion of the Zulu-ka-Malandela, 'Years ago thy tribe refused me milk. To-day the dog of thy son Mopo howls upon the roof of thy hut.' Begone!"

The man turned, shook his brother by the hand, and went, bearing the words of evil omen.

Then Chaka called to the Zulu and the last of those who had followed us to slay us, bidding them fight. So, when they had praised the prince they fought fiercely, and the end of it was that the man of my people slew the Zulu. But so soon as he had found his breath he was set to run for his life, and after him ran five chosen men.

Still, it came about that he outran them, doubling like a hare, and got away safely. Nor was Chaka angry at this; for I think that he bade the men who hunted him to make speed slowly. There was this good thing only in the cruel heart of Chaka, that he would always save the life of a brave man if he might without making his word nothing. And for my part, I was glad to think that the man of my people had slain him who had murdered the children of the dying woman that we found at the kraal beyond the river.

(To be continued.)

* Among the Zulus it is a very bad omen for a dog to climb the roof of a hut. The saying conveyed a threat to be appreciated by every Zulu.—Ed.

SONNET

TO LORD TENNYSON.

Written on the flyleaf of a volume of poems.

Master and mage, our prince of song, whom Time,
In this your autumn mellow and serene,
Crowns ever with fresh laurels, nor less green
Than garlands dewy from your verdurous prime;
Heir of the riches of the whole world's rhyme,
Dow'd with the Doric grace, the Mantuan mien,
With Arno's depth and Avon's golden sheen;
Singer to whom the singing ages climb,
Convergent—if the youngest of the choir
May snatch a flying splendour from your name,
Making his page illustrious, and aspire
For one rich moment your regard to claim,
Suffer him at your feet to lay his lyre
And touch the skirts and fringes of your fame.

WILLIAM WATSON.

The above sonnet was sent to Lord Tennyson by Mr. Watson to accompany the volume of poems entitled "Wordworth's Grave," and the Poet Laureate replied with a letter in which he referred in kindly and, indeed, enthusiastic terms to the pleasure which he had derived from the book.

VENICE.

BY THE LATE W. H. DAVENPORT-ADAMS.

There is no city in Europe, with the single exception of Rome, which has such an atmosphere of romance about it as Venice. The picturesque of its position, the beauty of its buildings, the singular character of its government, the strong, masterful, and religious temper of its people, the splendour of its old commercial and maritime supremacy, the sagacity of its statesmen, and the eminence of its artists and men of letters—Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese and Canova, and Paolo Sarpi, Bembo and Goldoni—are all component parts of a fascinating and impressive whole. For Englishmen it has a special interest, from its intimate connection with our English literature. It has supplied to the genius of Shakespeare the inspiration of one of his most poetical comedies and of what is, perhaps, his tragic masterpiece. Byron has founded two of his dramatic works on incidents in its history. Otway, Mrs. Radcliffe, Samuel Rogers, Arthur Hugh Clough, Robert Browning, all have felt the magic influence of the "Queen of the Adriatic." Shelley has reflected its grace and loveliness in one of the most radiant passages in his "Lines among the Euganean Hills"; and what Venice has been to Ruskin and Ruskin to Venice every cultivated reader knows. This is the merest outline of the relation of Venice to English letters, though the subject is one which would repay careful examination.



THE LATE W. H. DAVENPORT-ADAMS.

Venice is a birth of the islands and lagoons which lie at the embouchure of a labyrinth of rivers near the northern extremity of the Adriatic. It first grew up on the island called the Rialto—that is, *rivo alto*, the deep stream—in the dawn of the fifth century. A few years later, the inhabitants of northern Italy, retreating before the invasion of the Goths, were attracted by their secure position to the neighbouring islands, and laid the basis of a new State, which took its name from the ancient Veneti. As the population increased in numbers and prosperity, the need was felt of a central government; and in 697 a general assembly at Heraclea resolved on the election of a Duke or Doge, who should rule for life, assisted by a Council of State, whose members should be chosen by himself. Thus the Venetian Republic began by investing its ruler with absolute power; it ended by reducing him to a mere puppet; and the internal politics of Venice for a century may be described as a continuous and successful effort on the part of its patricians to concentrate all power in their own hands, limiting more and more the rights and prerogatives of the Doges.

As an independent State, Venice numbered more than thirteen centuries of life. Its history divides into two distinct periods, separated by what is called the Serr del Consiglio, the final and absolute distinction of the nobles from the commonalty, and the establishment of supreme authority in the hands of the former. The first period (down to 1418) was one of growth and maturity, when commerce and enterprise and the many virtues they nourished gave Venice a foremost place among European Powers, and she was ruled by her ablest and worthiest citizens as Doges—Pietro Orseolo, Ordulaf Falleri, Domenico Michieli, Sebastiano Ziani, and Enrico Dandolo.

It was during the Dogeship of Ziani that Pope Alexander III., in acknowledgment of the powerful support he had received from the arms of Venice, publicly presented the Doge, in the Cathedral of St. Mark, with a ring of gold. "Take it, my son," he said, "as a token of true and perpetual dominion over the sea as your subject; and every year, on this day of the Ascension, shall you and your successors make known to all posterity that the ocean belongs to Venice by the right of conquest, and that she is subservient to her as a spouse to her husband." Of this famous ceremony of the Marriage of the Adriatic, the earliest description in English is, I believe, that which occurs in James Howell's "Epistole Ho-Elifane."

To this first period belong the sad stories of the two Doges Francesco Foscari and Marino Falleri, which Byron has dramatically treated. The second period (1418-1797) was one of decline and decay; its history is dark with political crimes, with unjust wars, and the secret rule of an arbitrary oligarchy, whose instruments were too often the prison, the torture-chamber, and the bravo's knife. The fall of Venice was the ruin of a great people accomplished by their own hands—worked out by their own insincerity, want of enthusiasm, selfishness of spirit, and insensibility to the nobler motives which should govern human affairs. After all, there was a certain dignity in the Venetian character, which one finds reflected in the Venetian architecture. I will not speak of its glorious cathedral or its Ducale Palace, or of those other "Stones of Venice" which Ruskin has enabled us to see in all their light and meaning; but even in the palaces of its patricians one recognises a grave stateliness worthy of their former lords. Take those, for instance, on the Grand Canal. They rise majestically from the water, with a sweep of stone steps at the grand entrance, and numerous tall posts, painted in stripes, to serve as mooring-points for the gondolas. They are very lofty—some are six storeys high. The windows and balconies are heavily enriched with carvings of dogs and lions in marble, and between them vases of flowers. Among the most notable are the Palazzo Contarini Fasan, the Palazzo Foscari, the Palazzo Grassi, Mocenigo, Mocenigo (where Byron lived), and the Casa Grimani (now the Post Office).

Specially characteristic of Venice are its water-streets or canals—its arteries of communication and traffic; and not less characteristic is the gondola, which constitutes the principal medium of locomotion. Mr. Laing describes it as a wherry, with the upper half of a mourning-coach stuck amidships. Two men stand at opposite ends and sides, shoving the ears from them, and paddle along with tolerable speed, dexterously avoiding collision with other craft. You remember Byron!—

A long covered boat . . .
Built lightly but compactly,
Prow'd by two rowers, each called "gondolier";
It glides along the water, looking blackly.

Mr. W. D. Howells, in his charming "Sketches of Venetian Life," just republished, speaks of it as, in the hands of a skilled gondolier, "a living thing, full of life and winning movement." However, at Olympia, you may now see for yourself what a gondola is like and what is a gondolier; and there you may see other reproductions and representations of Venice which cannot fail to interest or entertain you.



"THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER."

BY G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

THE TRAMP ABROAD AGAIN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

AT THE SHRINE OF ST. WAGNER (Continued).

Of course I came home wondering why people should come from all the corners of America to hear these operas, when we have lately had a season or two of them in New York, with these same singers in the several parts, and possibly this same orchestra. I resolved to think that out at all hazards.

Another day they played the only operatic favourite I have ever had—an opera which has always driven me mad with ignorant delight whenever I have heard it—"Tannhäuser." I heard it first when I was a youth; I heard it last in the last German season in New York. I was busy yesterday, and did not intend to go, knowing I should have another "Tannhäuser" opportunity in a few days; but after five o'clock I found myself free, and walked out to the opera house and arrived about the beginning of the second act. My opera ticket admitted me to the grounds in front, past the policemen and the chain, and I thought I would take a rest on a bench for an hour or two and wait for the third act.

In a moment or so the first trombones blew, and the multitude began to crumble apart and melt in the theatre. I will explain that this musical call is one of the pretty features here. You see, the theatre is empty, and hundreds of the audience are a good way off in the feeding-house; the first call is blown about a quarter of an hour before time for the curtain to rise. This company of trumpeters march out with military step and send out over the landscape a few bars of the theme of the approaching act, piercing the distances with the gracious notes, then they march to the other entrance and repeat. Presently they do this over again. Yesterday only about two hundred people were still left in front of the house when the second call was blown; in another half a minute they would have been in the house, but then a thing happened which delayed them—the one solitary thing in this world which could be relied on with certainty to accomplish it, I suppose—an imperial princess appeared in the balcony above them. They stopped dead in their tracks, and began to gaze, in a stupor of gratitude and satisfaction. The lady presently saw that she must disappear or the doors would be closed upon these worshippers, so she returned to her box. This daughter-in-law of an Emperor was pretty, she had a kind face, she was without airs, she is known to be full of common human sympathies. There are many kinds of princesses, but this kind is the most harmful of all, for wherever they go they reconcile people to monarchy and set back the clock of progress. The valuable princess, the desirable princess, are the

Czars and their sort. By their mere dumb presence in the world they cover with derision every argument that can be invented in favour of royalty by the most ingenious casuist. In his time, the husband of this princess was valuable. He led a degraded life, he ended it with his own hand in circumstances and surroundings of a hideous sort, and was buried like a god.

In the opera house there is a long loft back of the audience, a kind of open gallery, in which princes are displayed. It is sacred to them—it is the holy of holies. As soon as the filling of the house is about complete, the standing multitude turn and fix their eyes upon the princely lay-out and gaze mutely

and longingly and adoringly and regretfully, like sinners looking into Heaven. They become rapt, unconscious, steeped in worship. There is no spectacle anywhere that is more pathetic than this. It is worth crossing many oceans to see. It is, somehow, not the same gaze that people rivet upon a Victor Hugo, or Niagara, or the bones of the mastodon, or the guillotine of the Revolution, or the Great Pyramid, or distant Vesuvius smoking in the sky, or any man long celebrated to you by his genius and achievements, or thing long celebrated to you by the praises of books and pictures—no, that gaze is only the gaze of intense curiosity, interest, wonder, engaged in drinking delicious deep draughts that taste good all the

way down and appease and satisfy the thirst of a lifetime. Satisfy it—that is the word. Hugo and the mastodon will still have a degree of interest thereafter when encountered, but never anything approaching the ecstasy of that first view. The interest of a prince is different. It may be envy, it may be worship—doubtless it is a mixture of both; and it does not satisfy its thirst with one view, or even noticeably diminish it. Perhaps the essence of the thing is the value which men attach to a valuable something which has come by luck, and not been earned. A dollar picked up in the road is more satisfaction to you than the ninety and nine which you had to work for, and money won at faro or in stocks smuggles into your heart in the same way. A prince picks up grandeur, power, and a permanent holiday and gratis support by a pure accident—the accident of birth—and he stands always before the grieved eye of poverty and obscurity a monumental representative of Luck. And then—supreme value of all—his is the only high fortune in the earth which is secure. The commercial millionaire may become a beggar, the illustrious statesman can make a vital mistake and be dropped and forgotten, the illustrious general can lose a decisive battle, and with it the consideration of men; but once a prince always a prince—that is to say, an imitation god—and neither hard fortune nor an infamous character, nor an addled brain, nor the speech of an ass, can undecify him. By common consent of all the nations and all the ages, the most valuable thing in this world is the homage of men, whether deserved or undeserved. It follows without doubt or question, then, that the most desirable position possible is that of a prince. And I think it also follows that the so-called usurpations with which history is littered are the most excusable misdemeanours which men have committed. To usurp a usurpation—that is all it amounts to, isn't it?

A prince is not to us what he is to a European, of course. We have not been taught to regard him as a god, and so one good look at him is likely so nearly to appease our curiosity as to make him an object of no great interest next time. We want a fresh one. But it is not so with the European, I am quite sure of it. The same old one will answer; he never stales. Eighteen years ago



He stands always before the grieved eye of poverty and obscurity a monumental representative of Luck.

was in London, and I called at an Englishman's house on a black and foggy and dismal December afternoon to visit his wife and married daughter, by appointment. I waited half an hour, and then they arrived, frozen. They explained that they had been delayed by an unlooked-for circumstance: while passing in the neighbourhood of Marlborough House they saw a crowd gathering, and were told that the Prince of Wales was about to drive out, so they stopped to get a sight of him. They had waited a half-hour on the side-walk, freezing, with the crowd, but were disappointed at last—the Prince had changed his mind. I said, with a good deal of surprise:

"Is it possible that you two have lived in London all your lives and have never seen the Prince of Wales?"

Apparently it was their turn to be surprised, for they exclaimed:

"What an idea! Why, we have seen him hundreds of times."

They had seen him hundreds of times, yet they had waited half an hour in the gloom and the bitter cold, in the midst of a jam of patients from the same asylum on the chance of seeing him again! It was a tape-dancing statement, but one is obliged to believe the English, even when they say a thing like that. I tumbled around for a remark, and got out this one:

"I can't understand it at all. If I had never seen General Grant I doubt if I would do that even to get a sight of him," with a slight emphasis on the last word.

Their blank faces showed that they wondered where the parallel came in. Then they said blandly—

"Of course not. He is only a President."

It is doubtless a fact that a prince is a permanent interest, an interest not subject to deterioration. The general who was never defeated, the general who never held a council of war, the only general who ever commanded a connected battle-front twelve hundred miles long, the smith who welded together

the broken parts of a great Republic and re-established it where it is quite likely to outlast all the monarchies present and to come, was really a person of no serious consequence to those people. To them, with their training, my general was only a man after all, while their prince was clearly much more than that—a being of a wholly unsimilar construction and constitution, a being of no more blood and kinship with men than are the serene eternal lights of the firmament with the poor, dull, tallow candles of commerce that sputter and die and leave nothing behind but a pinch of ashes and a stink.

I saw the last act of "Tannhäuser." I sat in the gloom and the deep stillness, waiting—one minute, two minutes, I do not know exactly how long—then the soft music of the hidden orchestra began to breathe its rich long sighs out from under the distant stage, and by-and-bye the drop-curtain parted in the middle and was drawn slowly aside, disclosing a twilight wood and a wayside shrine, with a white-robed girl praying and a man standing near. Presently that noble chorus of men's voices was heard approaching, and from that moment until the closing of the curtain it was music, just music, music to make one drunk with pleasure, music to make one take scrip and staff and beg his way round the globe to hear it.

(To be continued.)

A requiem mass for the late Sir William White was celebrated on Dec. 31 at the Catholic Church of St. Hedwig, Berlin. The Empress Frederick attended the ceremony in person, the Emperor sent his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-General von Wittich, and among the others present, in addition to the relatives of the deceased, were General Count von Caprivi, all the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers at present in Berlin and their wives, the commanders of the regiments forming the Berlin garrison, the members of the British Embassy, and the staff of the Berlin Foreign Office. After the service the coffin was deposited in its last resting-place in the vaults of the church.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

"Homer sometimes nods," and even the omniscient leader-writer himself is by no means an infallible person, as I myself know, having on various occasions been taken to task for sundry omissions and for literary sins of more positive type as well. The other day I glanced over one of the entertaining leaders with which the *Evening Standard* delights and instructs its readers, with the result of catching some journalistic brother nodding on a little matter of science. The topic of the leader was "Detective Science," and the writer, in the course of his otherwise interesting remarks, came to deal with the power of the microscope to detect human blood-stains. His statements on this head require ample revision, and I make no apology for referring to this topic, because, as it happens, the rôle played by the microscope in detecting crime is one of perennial interest, just as it is a subject regarding which much misconception prevails.

In the leader in question it is presumed throughout, that the microscope can specifically detect human blood as such. Now, this, let me say once for all, is a grave error. Both by the spectroscopic and by the microscope we can determine whether a stain is that of blood or not, but, as we shall see, it is quite another matter when the question "Is it human blood?" has to be answered. My leader-writing friend details a case in which a "learned microscopist" spoke unhesitatingly to certain stains on the clothing of a prisoner being those of human blood. "He showed," says the writer of the article, "that the corpuscles or globules of human blood can be easily distinguished by an expert from those of any other animal." This is sheer nonsense. If any expert were rash enough to enter a witness-box prepared to swear away a human being's life on his own infallibility of distinguishing between the diameter of a human blood corpuscle (which is said to be the $\frac{1}{2500}$ th of an inch in diameter) and that of a dog, said to be the $\frac{1}{3125}$ th of an inch, both judge and jury, the press and science, would, I think, have something to say, and that a very strong something, on the matter. The person (in "Hudibras" I think) who could distinguish between the north and north-west side of a hair could run in a couple with the expert ready to dogmatise about his powers of distinguishing man's blood specifically from that of all other animals.

Let us argue out the matter at length. Blood is a fluid as clear as water, and derives its colour from the minute bodies, globules or corpuscles, which float in it. There are two kinds of corpuscles—red and white. The red are by far the more numerous, of course. In man the red corpuscles have an average diameter of $\frac{1}{2500}$ th of an inch, though they may be smaller and may measure $\frac{1}{3000}$ th of an inch across. Their average thickness is about $\frac{1}{4000}$ th of an inch. In shape they are circular, and in form biconcave. Their edges are rounded. Most observers agree that two varieties of red corpuscles may be met with in human blood, one variety being smaller and of a less pronounced colour than the other. Now, considering this paramount fact, that in one and the same individual we certainly find red blood corpuscles varying in size, we can see how absurd is the statement that any man with the slightest pretensions to scientific accuracy should enter a witness-box prepared to base his identification of human blood on any measurements of the corpuscles.

Turning now to the actual facts about human blood and that of lower animals, we can group in one class fishes, frogs, reptiles, and birds. Their blood corpuscles are elliptical in shape, and each has a little central particle called the nucleus. So that, assuming the microscopist has been able to moisten a blood-stain in a satisfactory manner, and to obtain a definite view of its red corpuscles, he can at once pronounce whether the blood was that of a mammal or of a lower vertebrate—that is, fish, frog, reptile, or bird. He might not, and probably would not, be able to say (save in certain exceptional cases, as regards size) whether bird, reptile, frog, or fish had contributed the elliptical globule; but, as murder is a crime which affects the highest group of the mammals only, it would be sufficient, in the first place, to separate the mammalian blood-stain from that of lower vertebrates. Now, coming to the mammals, we find, say, the kangaroos at the one end of the group and man at its top. Here the red blood corpuscles are circular and not elliptical; though, curiously enough, the camel tribe presents us with the one exception to the mammalian rule, in that their red corpuscles are oval in shape. So far, we find on the one hand, then, the lower classes with their elliptical nucleated blood globules, and on the other hand the quadrupeds (including man), with their circular non-nucleated red corpuscles; the camel's corpuscles alone differing in shape from those of their neighbour mammals.

Suppose, now, that a given blood-stain, examined microscopically, is found to present us with circular corpuscles not possessing any central particles or nuclei, the next question arises is, to the blood of what animal does the stain belong? I leave out of sight a case in which a quadruped like the musk-deer presents us with an excessively small blood corpuscle, measuring in diameter about the $\frac{1}{3125}$ th of an inch. What concerns us is the ability of our microscopist expert to distinguish man's blood from that of any ordinary animal—say the sheep, ox, pig, goat, dog, and the like. According to my leader-writing friend, this is a relatively easy task for the expert. According to practical science it is a sheer impossibility. For, let us assume that a fair average diameter for a human red blood corpuscle is the $\frac{1}{2500}$ th of an inch; how is it possible for any scientist positively to assert that the stain may not be that of dog's blood with an average diameter of corpuscle of, say, $\frac{1}{3125}$ th of an inch? If even we could get mathematical exactness of measurement here, how could we assert that any set of corpuscles was human, or that any other set was dog or ox, when we had seen that in one and the same human being (or animal) the blood corpuscles may vary greatly in size?

If the Crown brought out that the corpuscles might (from their measurements) be those of man, it is only a "might be," after all is said and done. For the defence, in cross-examination, would elicit a goodly number of other "might be's," in the shape of possibilities that the corpuscles might represent those of ox, pig, dog, or sheep; or so detective science, in so far as the microscope is concerned, would come to an end. We can surely tell mammalian blood from that of lower vertebrates; as for my leader-writing friend's landation of the microscope and its power of detecting blood-stains specifically, I can refer him, with pleasure, to a study of Taylor's "Medical Jurisprudence" (last edition), in which most interesting volume, if I mistake not, he will find cases not only teaching microscopic caution, but others in which scientists of the leader-writer's type have been severely rebuked for unscientific rashness and for the boldness that leads many into the pathways of foolishness and dismay.

As soon as the filling of the house is about complete, the standing multitude turn and fix their eyes upon the princely lay-out.



In a moment or so the first transverse blow, and the multitude began to crumble apart and melt in the theatre.

GILGIT AND THE HUNZA FRONTIER.

The recent hostilities between British troops and the Hunza and Nagar folk, on the northernmost frontier of Kashmir, can hardly have caused much surprise to those who have watched the course of events in that mountainous region. This conflict is the first-fruit of the Pamir controversy. Hunza-Nagar has long endeavoured to maintain an independent attitude, and has often forcibly resented the efforts of the Kashmir troops to occupy Chaprot, Chalt, and other fortified positions along the narrow valley of the Hunza River above Gilgit. It is, therefore, scarcely to be wondered at that those rude highlanders should have displayed equal objection to a British advance. But as Hunza lies directly intermediate between Gilgit and the Pamir, its strategic position is important, and this has been fully appreciated by our Russian neighbours, whose latest maps show every pass far more minutely marked than on our official maps. One of these, the Kilik Pass, was examined by Colonel Woodthorpe in 1886, and more recently from the Russian side by Colonel Grombchevski, and its comparatively easy character is now as well known to our Central Asiatic rivals as it is to ourselves.

The Hunza, Yasin, and Nagar peoples have already been described in this Journal, from the accurate reports of Dr. G. W. Leitner, who in 1866, commissioned by the Punjab Government, visited Dardistan for the purpose of linguistic investigation, and who has also repeatedly communicated to scientific societies, and recently to the International Oriental Congress, his learned researches in the ethnography and philological affinities of those isolated races of mankind. Gilgit is a territory north of the Upper Indus, subject to the Maharajah of Kashmir; and by his consent, in July 1889, a British military station, formerly existing in charge of Colonel Biddulph, was re-established under Colonel A. G. Durand, commanding a garrison composed of 300 Gorkha sepoys, some Bengal sappers, and three regiments of Kashmir troops in the British service, with a mountain gun.

The Hunza and Nagar men had, before that date, invaded the Gilgit territory, and captured the forts of Chaprot and Chalt, but had been compelled to withdraw. The Russian movements in the past year on the Pamir have induced the British Government of India to order the making of a road up to the Hunza and Nagar country. This has been opposed by the natives; and Colonel Durand appears, on Dec. 2, to have assumed the offensive by advancing against the fort of Nilt, which is situated a few miles east of Chalt, and on the road to the Nagar capital. The fort, which was very strongly fortified, was captured, after a gallant assault, but not without serious loss, Colonel Durand himself and three of his officers



Photo by Samuel A. Waiser, Regent Street, W.

THE LATE BISHOP CROWTHER.

BISHOP CROWTHER.

Samuel Adjai Crowther, Bishop of the Niger Territory, terminated a long life on the last day of the old year. A few weeks ago he had a slight paralytic seizure, but from the last letters received it did not appear that an early termination of

VENICE IN LONDON.

Mr. Imre Kiralfy, who was responsible for the spectacular, and, most people will think, the most successful, part of Barnum's show, has arranged another beautiful and costly spectacle on the largest possible scale. His presentation of ancient and modern Venice lacks nothing that variety of colour, magnificence of stage pictures, and very clever archaeological revivals can give it. It is divided into two grand sections, the first consisting of a gorgeous representation of mediæval Venice, introducing a battle, triumphal processions, a procession of real gondolas and state barges on the Grand Canal, and a number of scenes from "The Merchant of Venice"; and the second of a miniature reproduction of the modern city carefully built up from the originals, which includes shops, cafés, and art workshops. The general arrangement of streets and bridges, with real gondolas floating beneath the architecture of the Venetian houses, with the little bits of Gothic ornament let into the doorways, the towering campanile, and the lions on the palace fronts, are beautifully reproduced, and as one stands on the bridges here and there crossing a canaletto the illusion is very cleverly maintained. The illustrations of the arts and crafts of Venice, which include the beautiful work in hammered iron, mosaic, silver, and, above all, in glass, are very abundant, and there is a special interest attaching to the workshop in which glass-blowing for the famous firm of Salviati is carried on. Here you may see one of the most delicate and fascinating of modern industrial processes entrusted to workmen as skilled as any in Europe. Nothing could be more delightful than to watch the evolution of the loveliest and most fanciful forms out of a few deft touches with the worker's tools or a light breath blown into his tube. The entire extent of the miniature town may be traversed by gondolas, which are on hire and are managed by expert gondoliers, or the visitor may prefer to lounge in the daintily served cafés or loiter on the bridges and listen to the playing and singing of the gondolier. The spectacular part of the Venetian show consists in the representation of a kind of irregular drama set forth on a stage of giant dimensions, fronted by a large sheet of water representing the Grand Canal for the procession of gondolas and barges, and lit up from the beginning to the end of the show with an astonishing variety of costumes, until it literally blazes with colour, which the electric light tones down to a clear but still wonderfully soft and charming key. Now it represents the scene of the choice of the caskets in Portia's reception-rooms; now again the picture is of a fierce mediæval battle, with crowds of soldiers in armour; then it changes to a vast water pageant, in which gondolas, filled with ladies and oared by stalwart Venetians, glide to and fro, followed by four great barges representing, by an elaborate symbolism of colour and ornament, the four seasons, and sparkling with gleaming



THE FORT OF GILGIT, ON THE HUNZA FRONTIER OF KASHMIR.

being wounded and thirty-three sepoys killed or wounded. More fighting appears to have taken place on the following day at Mayun, a little farther up the valley. The villages in this part of the Himalayan range have all high walls and towers of defence similar to those of Gilgit; and Nilt, where the fighting took place, would be a smaller fort than Gilgit, or rather a fortified village, but would be a formidable position of defence for such a small body of troops to attack, though led by British officers, who deserve much credit for this action. The capture of Nilt was chiefly due to the gallant conduct of Captain Aylmer, Lieutenant Boisragon, and Lieutenant Radcock, who led a small storming party up to the fort in the face of a heavy fire, and destroyed the main gate with gun-cotton. It is reported by telegraph that on Dec. 21 the British force occupied Nagar, when the Hunza chief, Sardar Ali Khan, with Usr Khan, fled in the opposite direction. The Hunza people next day made a voluntary submission, gave up their fort, and built a bridge for the British troops to cross the river. Several leading men surrendered themselves personally, and the country was restored to a quiet condition.

life was expected. Bishop Crowther first came into contact with the Church Missionary Society in 1822, when he was rescued from a slave-ship, and his whole life has been spent in connection with the society's work in West Africa. Bishop Crowther was well known in England. He was consecrated Missionary Bishop of the Niger District in 1864.



THE BRITISH RESIDENCY AT GILGIT.

dresses and bright faces; then, again, one's attention is turned to the stage, and there is displayed before us a vast banquet, with the Doge, princes, great Churchmen, and fine ladies seated at tables, while a triumphal chant arises from the band and from the very fine and strong chorus in the background. Perhaps the most impressive of the numerous brilliant and gorgeous arrangements of colour is that which takes place when the feast is followed by a grand ballet, the line of which stretches from one end of the vast stage to the other. The eye is almost wearied as it endeavours to follow the changing tones and movements of the vast "set," with its squadrons of dancers in purple and white and yellow and red, the brilliancy of the scene being enhanced by the waving of garlands of flowers and the rhythmic step and beat of the hundreds of twinkling feet. No very elaborate steps are, of course, attempted when only the movements of the mass could be closely followed; whatever can be done by combinations of colour and symmetry of movement is effected. The result is that the spectacle is of unique theatrical interest, and recalls the Roman shows.



THE QUEEN OF THE TWELFTH NIGHT: "HALT!"

LITERATURE.

MR. MORRIS'S "POEMS BY THE WAY."

BY RICHARD GARNETT.

Thirty-three years ago "The Defence of Guinevere and other Poems," by William Morris, aroused profound interest and lofty hopes in such lovers of poetry as valued song for itself rather than as the exponent of ideas equally or better adapted for the medium of prose. Mr. Morris had no ideas in those days; he was a poet or he was nothing. The same cannot be said now, nor would it be well that it could be said. The experience of life has not failed, nor ought it to have failed, to furnish Mr. Morris with a creed by which his later verse is in great measure leavened, and which contributes much to its enrichment so long as it is the leaven and not the loaf. We can allow but little poetic worth to Mr. Morris's purely socialistic poetry, so far as we are acquainted with it, in this volume* or elsewhere. But the general spirit of humanity imported into his verse animates it with new beauty and significance, and vindicates the poet from the imputation, to which he once pronounced himself obnoxious, of being the mere "idle singer of an empty day." Mr. Morris's verse is no more idle than the nineteenth century is frivolous. "The still, sad music of humanity" is audible throughout his most fanciful compositions, almost, we might even venture to deem, in proportion to their fancifulness. He is far more pathetic, far nearer to the heart of mankind, in singing of the imaginary burghers of "The Burghers' Battle" than of the Cockney victim of an actual scuffle in Trafalgar Square.

This pervading intensity of human feeling marks Mr. Morris's last volume as in one respect a great advance upon his first. As regards more strictly poetical qualities, the fact is otherwise, but this must not be interpreted as indicating any abatement of the author's poetical power. He has simply, since his venture of 1858, given this power a new application; he has mainly forsaken lyric for epic, and produced work immensely transcending in scope and importance not merely his early ballads but the promise of them. It would take many such volumes as that of 1858 to rival "The Earthly Paradise," that cyclopædia of poetical romance which, without disparagement to the almost equally beautiful "Jason" and "Sigurd," chiefly guarantees Mr. Morris's renown with the latest ages of our literature. "Poems by the Way," as the title imports, are casual visitations of the Muse, a mere backwater in this majestic river of sonorous song. This premised, it may be frankly admitted that, while always dramatic and picturesque, the new pieces are in the former point of view less concentrated, in the latter less vivid, than the poems of 1858. The poet is everywhere; the master is seen in only two pieces, to which we should assign a first-class rank, not only among Mr. Morris's productions, but among all productions of contemporary poetry. One is the above-mentioned "Burghers' Battle," a poem peculiar and almost unique in its pathos as the pathos of anticipation, the sorrow of strong men whom calamity has not yet reached, but who mark its inevitable approach, and realise it as if it were actually upon them; foreboding blended with resignation, lamentation without complaint. It is marvellous, too, how the pathos is helped by the burden continually recurrent throughout the poem, and giving it a key-note. The other is "The Message of the March Wind," where the wind brings to the poet and his love in their country village the murmurs and the moans of the great far-off city—

Hark the wind in the elm boughs from London it bloweth,
And telleth of good and evil and of love and sorrow;
Of power that helps not; of wisdom that knoweth,
But telleth not aught of the worst and the best.

Of the rich men it telleth, and strange is the story:
How they have, and they hanker, and grip for and wield;
And they live and they die, and the earth and its glory
Has been but a burden they scarce might abide.

Hark! the March wind again of a people is telling:
Of the life that they live there, so haggard and grim,
That if we and our love amidst them had been dwelling,
My fondness had faded, thy beauty grown dim.

This land we have loved in our love and our leisure
For them hangs in heaven, high out of their reach;
The wide hills for ever shall the story have to measure,
The grey homes of their fathers no story to teach.

The singers have sung and the builders have builded,
The painters have fashioned their tales of delight;
For what and for whom hath the world's book been gibed,
When all is for these but the blackness of night?

How long and for what is their patience abiding?
How oft and how often shall the story be told?
While the hope that none seeketh in darkness is blinding,
And in grief and in sorrow the world groweth old.

It will be seen that Mr. Morris can give forcible expression to his ideas so long as he is permitted to resort to the concrete. Imagery is essential to him; he is the craftsman who carves his sermon on the pulpit rather than the preacher who enforces it by word of mouth. The success of his pieces is generally almost in the ratio of the opportunity afforded for pictorial illustration and for his other great distinguishing faculty of poetical narrative. He is distinctly the story-teller among modern poets, the antitype not of the mediæval troubadour, but of the mediæval romantic minstrel. Brevity is not a note of this order of singer, and for a sufficient reason: lords and ladies wanted to be amused through winter evenings, and winter evenings were long. Their modern representative loves to expatiate over a story, and has nothing of the tremendous energy of Rossetti's ballads. Flowers spring up in his way and he stops to gather them; he unrolls a panorama as with a wand; Rossetti reveals a landscape as with a flash. Both methods have their advantages; one disadvantage of Mr. Morris's, of which we are at this moment acutely conscious, is the impediment it opposes to quotation. No justice is possible within our limits, and we can only declare that the varied contents of this volume comprise admirable specimens of narrative ballad. "Goldilocks and Goldilocks," in particular, is a lovely picture of the innocence of the young world, when all the iniquity was concentrated among witches and dragons. We do not find "Winter Weather," which we had hoped to have seen reprinted from the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*.

Typographically, this volume is an apotheosis—the poet's fame certified, and his spirit externalised, in the superb type designed by himself, characters and paper respectively black red and white as the three perfections of Little Snowflake, and with initial letters intricate as the artificial foliage at Lania's marriage-feast. It is a goodly sight. We only venture to suggest that the lines are somewhat too closely set, especially in the first page of the text. Where there is no printing in red but the ever-present marginal reference to the title of the poem, the massiveness of the type and blackness of the ink—excellent things in themselves—give a heavy aspect to the page. The ancient scribes and printers whom Mr. Morris has followed had sound reasons for economy of space in the dearth of paper and vellum. These have ceased to operate, and Mr. Morris could afford to make us "windows in Heaven."

* *Poems by the Way*, written by William Morris, and printed by him at the Kelmscott Press, Hammersmith. (Reeves and Turner.)



MR. WILLIAM MORRIS'S HOUSE AT HAMMERSMITH.

MR. THOMAS HARDY'S NEW STORY.

BY CLEMENTINA BLACK.

Mr. Hardy's new novel is in many respects the finest work which he has yet produced, and its superiority is largely due to a profound moral earnestness which has not always been conspicuous in his writing. Yet, this very earnestness, by leading him to deal with serious moral problems, will assuredly cause this book to be reprobated by numbers of well-intentioned people who have read his previous novels with complacency. The conventional reader wishes to be excited, but not to be disturbed; he likes to have new pictures presented to his imagination, but not to have new ideas presented to his mind. He detests unhappy endings, mainly because an unhappy ending nearly always involves an indirect appeal to the conscience, and the conscience, when aroused, is always demanding a reorganisation of that traditional pattern of right and wrong which it is the essence of conventionality to regard as immutable. Yet more, of course, does he detest an open challenge of that traditional pattern, and "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" (three vols., Osgood, McIlhenny, and Co.) is precisely such a challenge.

Mr. Hardy's story, like "Diana of the Crossways," is founded on a recognition of the ironic truth which we all know in our hearts, and are all forbidden to say aloud, that the richest kind of womanly nature, the most direct, sincere, and passionate, is the most liable to be caught in that sort of pitfall which social convention stamps as an irretrievable disgrace. It is the unsuspecting and fundamentally pure-minded girl in whom lie the noblest possibilities of womanhood, who is the easiest victim and who has to fight the hardest fight.

Mr. Hardy's heroine is simple, sincere, and passionately faithful, and as different as possible from those fickle and elusive young women who display, in some of his other tales, affections as veering as weathercocks. After a time of terrible anguish and self-reproach for that early fault, which, justly speaking, was no fault of hers, she goes forth, a beautiful girl of twenty, to a fresh place, meets an honourable man who loves her, and loves him in return. She tries to tell him of her past; sometimes accident and sometimes lack of courage intervenes. At last she makes her confession, just after their marriage, and the revelation drives him from her. Her sincerity makes her incapable of exercising the arts by which Bathsheba and her coquetish sisters could have drawn him back, and she is left alone. Too proud to seek the help he had arranged for her, she struggles against poverty, rough usage, and the revived pursuit of her first lover. As the toils thicken round her, she writes a heartrending appeal to her husband in Brazil—the most pathetic letter, surely, in all English fiction—and it arrives some little after he has started home to find her. Getting no reply, pressed by her poverty-stricken family and by her pertinacious suitor, she yields in sheer hopelessness and despair, and, after one brief gleam of comprehension and reconciliation, the story closes with her tragic death. The true country life of hard toil makes a continual background to the figure of country-born Tess; but the background is not always dark. The wholesome life of the dairy farm, and the wonderful pictures of changing aspects and seasons, the descriptions of three or four solitary walks, remain with us like bits of personal experience. Perhaps no other English writer could have given precisely these impressions. Yet these, characteristic as they are, are not the essence of the book. Its essence lies in the perception that a woman's moral worth is measurable not by any one deed, but by the whole aim and tendency of her life and nature. In regard to men the doctrine is no novelty; the writers who have had eyes to see and courage to declare the same truth about women are few indeed; and Mr. Hardy in this novel has shown himself to be one of that brave and clear-sighted minority

THE PIONEER OF ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHY.

A memorial tablet has recently been affixed to the house, now called Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, occupied in 1816 by Mr. Francis Ronalds, afterwards Sir Francis Ronalds, F.R.S., who then and there constructed the first experimental line of electric telegraph. The line of wire, suspended on posts in his garden, was altogether eight miles long; and Mr. Ronalds found he could transmit instantaneous messages to that length by electricity, in its static form, produced from the ordinary frictional machine. He at the same time invented an arrangement of synchronous clocks and revolving dials, with an alphabetic and numerical code of signals, the prototype of all future dial telegraphs. Among the frequent visitors to Mr. Ronalds' house at Hammersmith were William Wheatstone, then a youth of fifteen; and the father of W. F. Cooke, subsequently associated in the invention of the electric telegraph patented in 1837, which was celebrated by a jubilee banquet in 1887, the Postmaster-General presiding. Ronalds published the description of his electric telegraph in 1823, but failed to get it officially adopted for the use of Government. He turned his attention to other scientific



+ TABLET TO SIR F. RONALDS ON MR. MORRIS'S HOUSE AT HAMMERSMITH.

improvements, especially instruments for observing meteorology, received a very small pension in 1852, was knighted in 1870, at the age of eighty-three, and died in 1873. He was never married, but some relatives have provided this tablet now placed on a wing of his old house. That house is now occupied by Mr. William Morris, the poet, artist, and Socialist, and the portion which was once used by Sir Francis Ronalds as a workshop has now been converted into a Socialist lecture-hall.

THE REDEMPTION OF GERALD ROSECOURT.

BY BARRY PAIN.

From the Journal of Gerald Rosecourt, Mus. Bac., Organist of St. Andrew's, Burdon, Yorkshire.

CHAPTER II.

Then followed a short period at a private school and a longer period at a public school. The boy's music progressed rapidly. He had a really good treble voice, and sang in the school choir. He was a good-looking, rather clever boy, and one of the masters, who was musical, took a good deal of notice of him, and played duets with him at house concerts. This was the happiest time in the boy's life, and it lasted until the end of one term, when he was in his fifteenth year.

He was travelling down from his school in the North; a sixth-form boy who had taken an Exhibition at Queen's College, Oxford, was with him. He was a curious boy—tall and loosely built, with a low forehead and rough hair and an ugly face. His name was George Remyer, and he was generally called Remyer. He was supposed to be very clever, and wrote verses in the school magazine. He was reading "Les

allow Gerald to get out at the next station. Twenty minutes afterwards Gerald reached his destination, where his father met him.

The drive home passed almost in silence. The boy, in a strange, dreamy state, was conscious only that his father was looking at him fixedly. As the carriage stopped at the door of the house, his father spoke—

"Go to your room, Gerald, and change your clothes; then come to my study at once."

On that hot summer afternoon, in his father's study, the boy learned much that he had not known before. His father spoke slowly, like a tired man—

"On the night after your mother's death, Gerald, you disobeyed me. I had not thought it well to give you my reasons for the order, and so you disobeyed it. Do you

As he said this, he fixed his eyes on Gerald. It was strangely like the look that the boy had seen on his father's face that night. Gerald shuddered slightly; his head swam, and he felt ill; he made no answer, and his father continued—

"It is not hard to see that you remember it. You disobeyed me, and the consequence was that you nearly lost your sanity. And now you have disobeyed me again and broken your oath.

nothing was known for certain—he managed to procure what she wanted, and concealed it in her room. One night, when all believed her to be asleep, she brought herself to the fit of madness in which she took her own life. The nurse who was sleeping in the next room, heard nothing and knew nothing of what had happened until the following morning.

Here, at least, in this story of his mother's death—seemed to be a motive strong enough to prevent the boy from ever forming the habit that had killed her.

"Don't tell me any more," said Gerald to his father. "Let me take the oath again. This time I shall keep it."

He took the oath, but he did not keep it. He was removed from school, and sent to live with a doctor in a London suburb. There he studied music under good masters. And there, without ever being found out, he occasionally broke his oath.

He gained a musical scholarship, and went through three years at Cambridge. With his mother's cunning, he avoided detection; but habit was now fast closing its teeth upon him. He was a dipsomaniac, and he knew it. He had not been months at home, after his return from Cambridge, before his father knew it also. "You must leave home altogether," his father said; "you are not fit to live with your sisters. They are a liar and a drunkard." Gerald said passionately that he did not think himself fit to live at all. "That is rather my idea too," answered his father; "but it is as well to be certain." He wrote and handed to his son a cheque for £50. "I will send you," he said, "a similar cheque every year, if you let me know your address. I will write to you, but I will not let you live here any longer. Now, you cannot live on £50, but with the money that you can make by your music you will have a sufficient income. If you can give up drink you will have no money difficulties. The terrible warning that your dead mother still speaks to you—do you remember that night?—could not make you give it up. Affection for your sisters and myself—we all love you dearly—could not make you give it up. Your self-respect could not make you give it up. These things have been tried and have failed. Perhaps self-interest may be strong enough to reclaim you. Let me advise you to take the oath of abstinence once more."

"No," said the young man, "I have told enough lies."

The Rev. Cuthbert Fane, vicar of the straggling village of Burdon, in Yorkshire, considered that he had done a very good thing when, a few months after this, he secured the services of Gerald Rosecourt, Mus. Bac., of Cambridge, as organist. The salary which he was able to offer was not large, but the young man wanted leisure and quiet for his purposes of composition, and the post seemed to suit him. His income was increased by a few private pupils, among whom was Cecily Fane, the vicar's daughter. The church was beautiful, and contained a really good organ, the gift of a wealthy and religious squire. The organ stood in the south chapel, where also there was a fine modern window to St. Cecilia.

The organist took lodgings in the village, and has been there for nearly a year now. Mrs. Fane considers him to be an acquisition, a man of distinct culture, far above the usual run of church organists. Possibly she is in a certain way right. But what does the young man consider himself to be?

(To be continued.)

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE IN INDIA.

The approaching royal marriage gives additional interest to any record of the personal experiences of Prince Albert V. of Wales. A handsome volume, published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., adorned with fine autotype portraits of his Royal Highness and several Indian Princes, and with views of places and hunting scenes, comes out in the happy moment. Mr. J. D. Rees, C.I.E., a learned member of the Madras Civil Service and experienced in travels in Central Asia, combines with his narrative, written in very good taste, and not superfluous in detail, a well-digested account of the important Southern Indian Native States, Hyderabad, Mysore, and Travancore. These were visited by the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, with a party conducted by Sir Edward Bradford, in his tour, occupying some four weeks of November and December 1889. Although no part of India fails, when intelligently examined, to present entertaining or instructive objects for contemplation, there may be a degree of sameness in the aspects of British official administration and of Anglo-Indian social life. We turn with fresh curiosity to a recent description of those extensive countries which still exhibit, with notable domestic reforms, the characteristics of Hindu and Mohammedan civilisation, and the various qualities of native races, protected yet nowise degraded by the bond of imperial supremacy. To obliterate those distinctions would be an act of gross injustice and a fatal political error. India can never be Europeanised; and there is much in its ancient traditions and customs that is worthy of our respect, and essential to the development of wholesome social life in an Asiatic population. We gladly take note of Mr. Rees's testimony that "those who know the Hindus best speak ever well of them"; that the Mussulman rule of the Nizam, since 1853, with statesmen like the elder Sir Salar Jung, and the present Minister, Sir Asman Jah, is one of peaceful improvement; that the restoration of power, in 1881, to the young Maharajah of Mysore, under a parental tutelage reserved by the British Empire, has had most satisfactory results; and in Travancore, always a purely Hindu State, "beautiful and well governed," with twenty per cent. of its people converted to Christianity, the administration of the late Sir Madava Row has brought much prosperity. The sovereignty of these countries entertained the Duke of Clarence with frank and gallant hospitalities, and he enjoyed the inspection of remarkable scenes, monuments of antiquity, courtly and chivalric festival pageants, and natural landscapes, besides a fair amount of wild sports. The special account of elephant-catching in Mysore, contributed by Mr. G. P. Sanderson, the noted manager of the "Keddahs," or elephant preserves, adds to the value of this book.



"You fool, Remyer," said Gerald, white with passion, "what did you do that for?"

Amours d'un Interne," and did not take much notice of Gerald. The train stopped for a few minutes at one of the larger stations, not very far from their journey's end, and Gerald followed Remyer into the refreshment-room. Remyer was drinking from a long glass something that looked cool and pleasant. There were lumps of ice in it that made a tinkling sound against the sides of the glass.

"You might get me one like that," said Gerald.

Remyer was as easy-natured as he was ugly. He gave the order carelessly, at the same time paying for both. When Remyer returned to the carriage, Gerald, who had overheard the words of the order, lingered behind. There were some glass flasks, with labels upon them, ranged in a basket on the counter. He selected one of them, and paid for it.

The train started again. Remyer, as he laid down the novel that he was reading, noticed that Gerald held the flask in his hand, and had already drunk about a third of the liquid. Remyer lazily took the flask away from him and flung it out of the window. Some of the brandy was spilled on Gerald's clothes.

"You fool, Remyer," said Gerald, white with passion, "what did you do that for?" To his great surprise, Remyer did not resent this plain speaking.

"Yes," he said, "I think I was rather a fool; but not for taking that away. You can't drink neat brandy, you know. You don't like it."

"I don't like the taste of it, but I love it. It's grand. It changes everything. It's got fire in it; I shall get some more at the next station."

"You interest me," said Remyer, "you interest me slightly." Then he resumed his novel. But he would not

I do not think you can have quite understood, or you would not have dared to meet me when you were reeking of that stuff. But you shall be made to understand. I am going to ask you to take that oath again, but this time I will give you my reasons. I am going to tell you the story of your mother's suicide and—here his voice sank to a whisper—"of the curse which is upon you unless you keep for the future that oath that you have just broken."

It was a strange story—a thread of romance and tragedy running through a life commonplace enough. Gerald's father was an ordinary, fairly prosperous country solicitor, but he had met and subsequently married a beautiful and remarkable woman—a singer, whose stage name is still well remembered. He knew what she was when he married her, for she had confessed it to him, but he thought that it would be an easy thing to reclaim her. He had seen her agony when she confessed to him her slavery, and he thought that such terrible remorse, aided by her love for her husband, might rescue her. For a few years she had indeed seemed to be perfectly reclaimed, and then, shortly after the birth of Gerald's twin sisters, she had suddenly given way again. It seemed as if this desire for intoxicants conquered everything in her; the pleadings of emotion and reason were alike futile. One would almost have said that this woman was possessed by a devil, so utterly foreign did this mad longing for intoxicating drink seem to the gentleness, brightness, and intelligence that were her other characteristics. She was sent away, time after time, to establishments where such cases are treated; but temporary cessations were always followed by fiercer outbreaks. The vigilance of others had killed her with great cunning. By some means—a servant was suspected, but



GOING TO A PARTY A LONG TIME AGO.



EN ROUTE TO BRAZIL: SKETCH ON BOARD THE STEAM-SHIP THAMES.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR

TWO BOOK COLLECTORS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

If a man is to be known by the company he keeps, as the Roman says, we can also learn much of him from his books. Unluckily, we do not always find out what bookish company he has chosen, especially if he lived long before the age of "celebrities at home." An Oxford scholar once visited John Bunyan, and found that his library chiefly consisted of his own works. Accident has brought me acquainted with the long-suffering libraries of two men noted in their time—Duncan Forbes of Culloden and Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. Forbes was a really eminent person, President of the Scotch Court of Session, and laird of Culloden, not far from Inverness. He was of much service to the King (de facto) in 1715, and again in 1745. The first news of Prince Charles's landing found him at Stoney Hill House, near Musselburgh, a villa which was lent him by "the wicked Colonel Charteris." Forbes had defended Charteris with success against an infamous charge, of which, according to Scott, he happened to be guiltless. The accusation was merely meant as an essay at *chantage*, or "blackmailing," but the Colonel's reputation was not in his favour. From Stoney Hill, Forbes doubtless played golf on Musselburgh links, a game at which he excelled. The old house, built round two sides of a square, was very familiar to me in boyhood; in spite of an occasional ghost, no more peaceful mansion lay among old orchards. On the news of the Prince's expected arrival, Forbes hurried north to Culloden House, then a large, rather bleak building, with two great wings, the whole surrounded by a high stone wall. The sea is not far off, and, as it chanced, Forbes left the immediate neighbourhood of Preston Pans, or Gladsmair, the field of the first Jacobite victory, for Culloden, where the Lost Cause made its last military effort, and died, as it were, at his feet. In Culloden he was of invaluable service to the Hanoverian Government. He had his eye on Lovat, and embarrassed his movements. He conferred the Whiggishness of Sir Alexander Macdonald and the McLeod. He sent information; he was the rallying-point of the Hanoverians in the north; he freely expended his own money in the cause. It is extremely improbable that his outlay was ever repaid. According to evidence in the manuscripts collected by Bishop Forbes, and entitled "The Lyon in Mourning," the President was styled "an old woman" by the Butcher Cumberland when he asked that the defeated Highlanders might be treated in accordance with law. The scenes he witnessed and the behaviour of Cumberland may have hastened his end. On Monday, Dec. 12, 1748, the library of the late President was sold in Edinburgh by public auction.

The catalogue lies before me; it might be the catalogue of the learned Baron Bradwardine, and shows us the kind of books he may have possessed at Tully Veolan. The works are both old and such as then were new. The classics are very well represented; there is a considerable legal collection, the theological treatises bear witness to an inquiring mind, and the belles lettres are not neglected, while there are a few rariora. Among belles lettres are the usual inevitable things which should be "in every gentleman's library," as "The Spectator," "Paradise Lost," Boileau, Voltaire, Crébillon, Young's "Night Thoughts" (1745), Thomson's poems, Shakespeare in Pope and Warburton's edition (1747), "Cleopatra: a Romance," by Mr. Loveday, "Joseph Andrews" is here, and the Lyons Rabelais of 1558; Scott had, like Cowper, I think, the Rabelais of 1741. Locke, Bacon, Chaucer (1721), Machiavelli, Hobbes, Clarendon, were among more serious studies. Dante and the Italian poets, generally so much more read then than now, are all represented, so are Seneca, La Rochefoucauld, Bruyère, and Fletcher of Saltoun, who appear among some slightly "roguish French books," such as Mr. Pepys loved. The legal library is rich: the best example is a collection of "The Black Acts," enormously esteemed by Scotch collectors such as the Duke of Roxburgh, after whom the Roxburgh Club is named. "The Black Acts" is "bound in red morocco and gilt." The works of divinity are mainly critical or antiquarian, including Witsius's treatise on the comparative relations of Jewish and old Egyptian ritual, and plenty of works in Hebrew. The classics are very complete: even Lycophron the obscure is here, and there are half-a-dozen Homers. Political science, agriculture, jurisprudence, were all among the President's studies. If he read his books he must have been a very accomplished man. One category of books is lacking—the President had scarcely a Scotch work on his shelves, except Kelly's "Scotch Proverbs" of 1721. He was a Whig.

Our second bibliophile was a fantastic, sentimental Jacobite, born out of due time. This was Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, called the Scotch Horace Walpole. He was an antiquary, a caricaturist, a seeker after and reviver of old family scandals. He has been justly described as probably the only man who ever, in his correspondence, wrote nasty stories to his mother. Treated as a friend by Sir Walter Scott, he survived him, to laugh at his lameness and sneer at his acquisitions. By some he is thought to have suggested some traits in the character of Sir Mungo Malagrowthier, in "The Fortunes of Nigel." He appears to have been as unamiable as he was eccentric. But he was a considerable collector, and, much as he laughed at the credulity of other antiquaries, many of his own cherished relics are thought to have been apocryphal. Sharpe's books and gables were disposed of in June 1851. We may envy him a silver-mounted pistol, which, according to him, "was picked up on the field of Killiecrankie the moment Lord Dundee was shot, being one of the said Lord Dundee's holsters." "A rare bronze Scots Scandinavian vessel, in the shape of a monstrous hybrid," seems, judging from Sir Daniel Wilson's "Old Edinburgh," to have been a modern imposture. "Flora Macdonald's teapot, used by Prince Charles," is "attested by his niece." Poor Charles did not use tea much in his wanderings, having a decided partiality for the Talisker. Then we have "Hair of that true saint and martyr, Charles I., taken from

his coffin at Windsor." More valuable were eleven pieces of a Viking's chessmen, carved in walrus tooth, and found in the Isle of Skye in 1831. The king is seated, with his sword across his knees, the queen lays her head on her hand in a pensive attitude. On the back of her chair is a fleur-de-lis. There is Prince Charles's silken sash of Royal Stuart tartan, and a piece of the plaid he wore when skulking. There are many old shoes, and the hall clock of Grierson of Lag, "celebrated for his loyalty!"

Many of the books were presents from Scott to his back-biter, such as "Trium Magium" (1630), Davenant's works, "given me by the first author of the age in 1819"; but the lion was living then. The book is inscribed "C. K. S., from his right faithful friend, Walter Scott.—O rare Will Davenant!" Scott particularly admired the song "Wake all the Dead!" (p. 294, edition of 1673). Burns gave Clarinda Young's "Night Thoughts," marking it "the sentiments of the heirs of immortality, told in the numbers of Paradise." Burns was always absurd where Clarinda was concerned. The lady gave the book to Mr. Sharpe. I am glad to think that Sharpe had not the original edition of Sinclair's "Satan's Invisible World Discovered." I have! But he possessed Colonel Gardiner's Bible (imperfect) and "The Works of King James" (1616), "from his faithful friend, Walter Scott," who, moreover, gave him a rare volume on were-wolves. He possessed Prince Charles's copy of Sarate's "Strange and Delectable History of the Discovery of Peru," with monogram and crest, also the Prince's Cornwallis's "Essays" (1616). The library may be described as "curious," and many of the books even deserve the famous bookseller's definition of "Very curious and Disgusting." One cannot but envy Sharpe Charles the Second's own copy of Mrs. Aphra Behn's "Forced Marriage, or the Jealous Bridegroom" (1671), which is probably curious enough.

A RELIC OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

The commemoration at Plymouth, in 1883, of the tercentenary anniversary of that grand event in English history, the defeat of the Spanish Armada, occupied much of our space. We are indebted to a correspondent, Mr. W. M. Ball, of Barton-on-Humber, for the illustration of another relic, similar



CHEST FROM ONE OF THE SHIPS OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

to one or two of those seen in the Armada Exhibition at Drury Lane Theatre in the autumn of 1883. It is a treasure-chest from one of the Spanish ships. We are told that about nine years ago there was a serious fire in Hull, in what was the principal mercantile street in olden times. In clearing away the debris from a cellar, this ancient chest was found. It was bought by a collector from a neighbouring village as an old curiosity, and has remained since that time in an outhouse, until unearthed by our correspondent. In outward appearance it resembles the chests described in the Armada Exhibition catalogue. The polished iron lock-plate represents two mermaids, surrounded by scroll work, and chiselled with small ornamentation, not shown in the illustration. The chest is of wrought iron, 2½ in. long, 1½ in. high, and 15 in. wide. An ancient key of the period was found inside. It is recorded that two ships, the Griffin and the Marigold, with a pinnace, from Hull, joined the English fleet in 1588, and it is not improbable that this chest was part of their booty, and was thus brought to Hull, where it has remained so long in obscurity. The cellar where it was found is close to the river, where these vessels would be likely at that period to be moored.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "The Browning Cyclopædia," by Edward Berdoe. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)
- "Trente et Quarante," par Edmond About. (Hachette et Cie., Paris.)
- "The House of Cromwell, and the Story of Dunkirk," by James Waylen. (Elliot Stock.)
- "Peter, a Cat o' Nine Tails: His Life and Adventures," by Charles Morley. Illustrated by Louis Wain. (*Pall Mall Gazette* Office, 2, Northumberland Street.)
- "The Century Dictionary." An Encyclopædic Lexicon of the English Language. Prepared under the superintendence of William Dwight Whitney, Ph.D., LL.D. Six vols. (T. Fisher Unwin, London; The Century Company, New York.)
- "The Dictionary of National Biography." Vol. XXIX. (Smith and Elder.)
- "Historical Record of Medals and Honorary Distinctions Conferred on the British Navy, Army, and Auxiliary Forces, from the Earliest Period," by George Taunton. (Spink and Son, Gracechurch Street.)

OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

FIRST NOTICE.

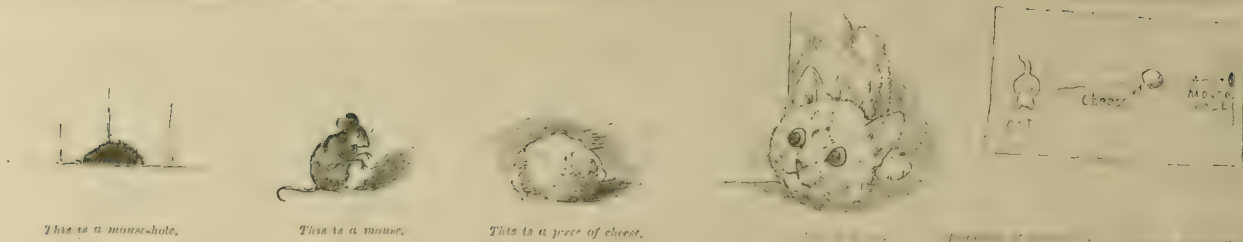
The success of the present exhibition at Burlington House will depend upon the interest created by the works of the English school. With half-a-dozen or so exceptions, the pictures by foreign masters are inferior both in interest and execution to those brought together in previous years. Nevertheless, great credit is due to the Council of the Royal Academy for undertaking the thankless task of discovering little-known or seldom-seen works of art. Our thanks are also due to owners who are ready to contribute to public enjoyment and instruction; and the fact that in so many cases Burlington House serves as an antechamber to Messrs. Christie's should also be a source of gratitude, inasmuch as it enables the public to appreciate beforehand pictures which it may be asked to purchase for the national collection.

The rivalry between Gainsborough and Reynolds for pre-eminence is still maintained, the Council doing their best to show no favour to the one at the expense of the other. The portraits of Mrs. Portman by Bryanston, Colonel Ballock, and Mrs. Billington show the first named to the best advantage, while of Reynolds's skill there is an even wider evidence, from the portrait of "Miss Mues," said to have been painted when he had only been two years in London, down to the portraits of the Josiah Wedgwoods, which almost mark the limits of his active life. Wilson, the father of English landscape-painting, and, we may add, of French also, is represented; and we are enabled to see, both in his classical compositions and in his less mannerish Welsh landscapes, how just was Reynolds's judgment of him: "The colouring of Wilson is very masterly; his style of design is more grand, more consistent, more poetical than any other person's among us." For us, however, it is by reason of his knowledge of atmospheric effect, by his following in the footsteps of Claude, that we most appreciate Richard Wilson and the school he founded in this country, of which Sir Augustus Calcott and R. P. Bonington, both represented in this exhibition, were the most distinguished members. The Romney portraits are this year very strong and some of them very lovely, especially Mr. and Mrs. Lindow, Mrs. Jordan, and the Ladies Caroline and Elizabeth Spencer, all of whom belong to the best period of the artist's work.

It was doubtless not without some purpose that the Council placed in the same room with Wilson's "Apollo and the Seasons" Fred Walker's "Sunny Thames." Between the two works there lies a century of English landscape-painting, in which Gainsborough, Crome, Cotman, Constable, and, above all, Turner, are sign-posts pointing how by many apparently divergent roads the common goal of all, success and fame, was to be reached.

The Dutch and Flemish pictures, which occupy the second gallery, are scarcely so interesting as usual, or, to speak more correctly, there are few, if any, which are superior to those we can see at any time in the National Gallery. The still somewhat mysterious Jan van Meer, of Delft, is represented by a "Guitar-Player," lent by Lord Iveagh, which was for some time in Paris waiting for a purchaser. It is a bright, pleasant work, of no great interest; but it happens to hang close to a head attributed to Karel Fabritius, who, it is now said, was Jan van Meer's teacher, and was himself a pupil of Franz Hals. As there is also in the adjoining gallery an admirable portrait of a man, lent by her Majesty, it might be possible to trace the influence of one upon the other. The other Dutch pictures lent by the Queen from the Buckingham Palace collection are, as usual, of the very best, and include "The Listener," by Nicholas Maes, and a cattle-piece by Paul Potter. Mr. Broadwood contributes a quaint portrait group of the Tschudi family—the original founders of the Broadwood firm—a picture probably painted by some Swiss or German who had taken up his residence in London, and had caught something of Hogarth's manner. Music treated by painting, as might be expected, plays an important part in Mr. Broadwood's collection of pictures; and certainly Jan le Ducq's "Regret for the Violoncello-Player" and Watteau's "L'Accordée du Village"—a wedding party assembled under a group of trees—are the most interesting from this source. Watteau, however, is even more strongly, though scarcely so characteristically, represented by his portrait of that most charming and witty of actresses, Sophie Arnould, for many years the glory of the Comédie Française and the heroine of many exciting adventures. The landscape (78) by Nicholas Berghem is historically as well as artistically interesting. It was purchased direct from the painter—through Sir Peter Lely—by Sir Ralph Bankes, for £30, including the frame, and has remained at Kingston Lacy ever since.

The large gallery contains, as usual, a number of full-length portraits by Reynolds, who is this year especially brought into comparison with Romney, and it must be admitted that the latter comes well out of the ordeal, although he has nothing to compare with the President's portraits of Miss Bowles and Miss Murray, two exquisite specimens of child-painting, or with the grace and distinction of Mrs. Braddell. Of the four large pictures in this room, by J. M. W. Turner, representing various phases of his art, opinion will be divided between the sea-piece lent by Lord Leonfeld and the view across the Thames at Walton Bridge, from Lord Wantage's collection, in both of which the painter's imaginative powers are not taxed to the extent shown in his rendering of the Lake of Geneva. In this room are also to be found the principal gems of the Kingston Lacy Gallery, where for more than a century pictures have been accumulating, each successive generation of the Bankes family having apparently been endowed with taste as well as means. The full-length nude figure of Venus surrounded by a quantity of jewellery is generally recognised as a genuine work, having originally formed part of the Marcescalchi collection; but the two finest pictures from Kingston Lacy are the two incomparable portraits by Rubens of the Marchesa Brigitta Spinola, wife of the Doge Doria, in her bridal dress, and of her sister-in-law, the Marchesa Maria, Princess Grimaldi, whose beauty is enhanced by the introduction of a hideous dwarf drawing aside a red curtain. These two pictures were purchased by the late Mr. Bankes from the Grimaldi family at Genoa. Between these two brilliant works a bright composition, purely decorative, has been hung. It is the work of two masters, Snyder and Rubens, the former contributing the festoon of fruit and flowers, beneath which a group of delightfully human Cupids by Rubens are playing. Vandyc's portrait of the Earl of Portland, Lord High Treasurer to Charles I., in his black dress with the Ribbon of the Garter, forms a stately pendant to the same artist's portrait of Henrietta Lovell, Princess of Phalsbourg, painted a few years earlier, although neither work is equal to the portrait group of the two daughters of the Earl of Northumberland. In like manner the Queen's admirable specimen of Franz Hals's work—so much softer and lighter than the majority—is matched by Rembrandt's treatment of a similar subject—a man's head with a ray of light across the face, lent by Mr. Alfred Morrison.



This is a mouse-hole.

This is a mouse.

This is a piece of cheese.



"Is that it, I wonder?"



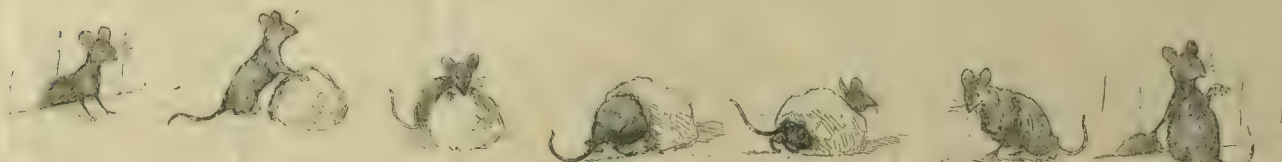
"I wonder if it is a mouse!"



"Do I like mice?—Do I!"



"Cheese! Mouse-hole!! Mouse!!—Ah! ah!"



Sign the Mouse, "Cheese! Cat!—I like cheese!"

"And I can get back before the Cat reaches me!"

"This is comforting."

"I'm afraid there will not be enough!"

"Oh! what a funny—he's asleep!"

"Now I'll go!"

"Ta-ta, I'm very dear!—see you to-morrow!"



"I saw him! He's coming! I must dissemble."



"I do think it cruel to kill poor dear little mice; I never do."



"In fact, if one ran across my fat at the present moment I should not touch him, I assure you."



"Ah! he's going!"

"Gone!"



"Gone!"



"The flavour was grand, and the cheese just gave it a touch of richness which—"



"My goodness! what's that? The cheese!—u-urk!!"



"I'm going to stick to dickybirds; they don't eat cheese!"

Louis Wain

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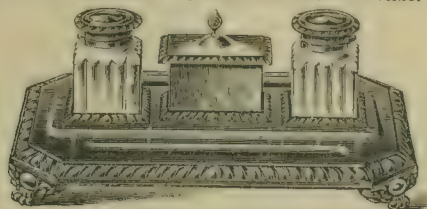


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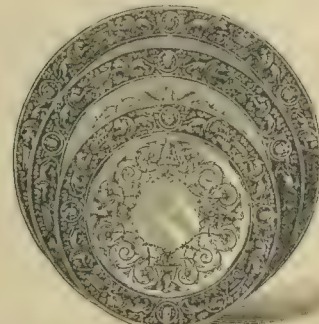


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8 inches, £10 10s. 10 inches, £15 10s. 12 inches, £19 10s.



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10 " ..	12 15s.	16 " ..	33 10s.
12 " ..	19 5s.	18 " ..	47 5s.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Mr. J. Comyns Carr, with his play called "Forgiveness," at the St. James's, has exactly demonstrated what some of the new school of critics have hitherto failed to observe. His play is written in correct form. It obeys the rules of dramatic composition; it interests an audience, and, at the same time, we feel, as we sit out the play, that the author of the romance is a man of observation and delightful humour. If we want epigram, here we have it. If we require charming conversation, we have not long to wait for it. Our storyteller is a most welcome companion, and in a play of that class what more literature do you require? You don't want every character to be firing off epigrams or talking tall. You don't want to hear them all, in the character of puppets, airing the author's views on Socialism, or Atheism, or Buddhism, or Blavatskyism, or any other "ism." If they did, they would be unnatural, and most probably bore us well. The drama was not intended to cram strange doctrines down our throats, but to argue them out, if necessary, pro and con, as we do at the dinner table or at the fireside. The preacher in the pulpit has it all his own way. He can talk what nonsense or sense he likes. He can observe orthodoxy or commit himself to heterodoxy. But we cannot answer him. He has it all his own way. We cannot argue with him, or applaud him or hiss him. The dramatist of the new school wants to adopt the rôle of the preacher and to make all his characters preaching puppets. No interest is the first consideration, and that dramatist is the most successful who can interest and who can adorn his interest with lively and wholesome talk. Mr. Carr has certainly done this. At odd times his story is a little difficult to follow, but I daresay by this time the hooks and the eyes have been adjusted. It is a play well worthy of further consideration, and no men of intelligence need turn up their eyes to heaven as if they were martyrs, or shrug their shoulders at our degraded drama, or thank God that they are not as other men. Plays of this pattern were not written except on rare occasions in living memory, and to have got as far as this is something to boast of. *Festina lente!* And then the acting is delightful indeed to the student of acting. Look, for instance, at Miss Marion Terry. Her performance in this play is fairly astonishing to one who has watched her career on the stage from girlhood. The true she played on the lyre of human emotion was always a tender one. Like her gifted sisters, she had a rare and sensitive influence. She knew and expressed the better nature of woman, and brought out with consummate art the thoughts that "so often lie too deep for tears." But now she sweeps the strings in a grander style. She can attack human emotion in a bolder fashion. The trembling nervousness of the actress, Miss Marion Terry has "let herself go," and the result is admirable. I have been kindly taken to task for saying elsewhere that the new Marion Terry can now do greater things on the stage than she has ever done before, that, now she has felt her feet, she can become great instead of merely charming. But that is not so very wonderful, if my experience is any guide to me. The novice actress, as a rule, becomes stagey and ultra-melodramatic, and it takes her years to cure herself of an early assumed artificiality. But Miss Marion Terry has hastened slowly. She is now, as her sister Kate was before her, without a rival in her own line of emotional drama. Loyal and charmingly Mr. George Alexander

carries out the author's views in this difficult play. There is not an atom of affectation in his style, but great earnestness and pronounced persuasiveness. He soothes his audience, and never rubs anyone up the wrong way. Whatever he does he does well. Some characters, of course, suit him better than others; but any author must be proud of such sympathetic assistance. Mr. Nutcombe Gould has made the refined old gentleman of another day his own. In this play he has the greatest opportunity of his career, and has risen to the occasion. Among the minor characters, Mr. de Lange specially distinguishes himself; and the apparently inevitable boy and girl lovers fell happily to Mr. E. W. Gardiner and Miss Laura Graves. Emphatically, "Forgiveness" is a play to be seen, and everyone interested in the stage must hope that Mr. J. Comyns Carr will now seriously turn his attention to dramatic writing—a branch of art in which he has proved himself to be so capable.

Produced only on Jan. 2, it would not be hazardous to prophesy that Mr. Sydney Grundy's "Fool's Paradise" will be the play of the year. It is exactly the character of play that will attract the kind of audience that the Bancrofts, the Hares, the Trees, and the Alexanders have been endeavouring to attract these many years past. In the first place, it is intensely interesting; in the second place, it is admirably witty. A subject that might have been turned by an inexperienced dramatist into a vulgar and sordid melodrama has been handled so neatly, with such rare knowledge of stage effect, and adorned with such brilliant talk that its future success cannot for a moment be in doubt. Briefly, then, this is a poison play arranged for society, a better play than the "Isle of St. Tropez," a play far more suited to modern requirements than "The Hidden Hand." It is just the play that will absorb the kind of audience that is vowed to its daily paper and to periodical literature. I hear my opponents say, "Ah! yes, but they should not be vowed to their daily newspaper; they should not get midsummer madness over a divorce case or a poison case or a pearl case. They should read good books and fortify their intellects, and not be so deplorably frivolous!" Quite right, good Mister Man, but, at the same time, we must take the world and society as we find them. Society wants to be amused, and, after all, the amusement that Mr. Grundy gives them is extremely innocent. It does them no harm. They might do very much worse than take interest in so excellent a play of its kind as "A Fool's Paradise." The acting brought to such perfection by Mr. Hare and under his tuition results in, perhaps, the best ensemble ever seen at the Garrick, and the interest in it is increased when we know that the majority of the cast consists of young people comparatively new to the stage. Mr. Hare's fashionable physician emphasises his unassailable position as the first comedian of his time. I thought when I saw him as dear old Benjamin in the "Spectacles" I should never see anything better. And yet I should hesitate whether to give the prize to old Benjamin or Sir Peter, the doctor. They are both old men, but they are absolutely different men—distinct types, drawn with a brilliancy that the best actors of the French stage might be proud of. And Mr. Hare's son, young Gilbert Hare, is following in his father's footsteps. He, too, has humour and observation; he, too, promises to adorn the comedy of the future. In this instance, a more difficult character to shine in could scarcely have been given him. But he did shine in it, with the aid of his own natural cleverness and Mr. Grundy's admirable dialogue. Miss

Olga Nethersole surprised everybody, and so did Mr. H. B. Irving. The dramatic weight of the play fell on their shoulders, and even Mr. John Hare could not have made headway if the poisoner and the poisoned had not been interesting. Miss Nethersole left us an amateur; she returns to us an actress who is exactly suited to the character entrusted to her. Mr. Irving is working, and working hard, for the success that is clearly in store for him. And what would the play have been without Miss Kate Rorke, with her bonny manners and sincere style—a frank, outspoken, loyal specimen of English girlhood? She was the very contrast that the play desired. She helped it at exactly the right moment. And the invaluable services of Mr. F. Kerr have been secured for one of his inimitable modern young men.

And now I should like to add a few words of some personal moment, having, as fairly and consistently as I could, and with warm pleasure, praised Mr. Sydney Grundy's work, and advised everyone to see it.

In the early days of January 1891, when away from England, trying to get rest after much mental worry, a kind friend sent me a newspaper in which was a letter headed "Personal Animosity," and containing, amid much more uncalled-for abuse, the following words—

"I hate him because, in my opinion, he makes reckless and cruel and wicked use of his grand opportunities. I hate him because I am a daily witness of the true hearts he wounds, of the weak and struggling whom he oppresses, of the good and faithful servants to whom he says 'I'll do,' and whom he casts into outer darkness; of the fools whose heads he turns; of the slothful whom he pranks in fine feathers; of the impostors to whom he says 'Come up higher.' I hate him because I see the drama withering under his breath. I hate him because I consider him the curse of the contemporary stage."

These words, written in anger, have remained on record, and have never been blotted out by the slightest attempt at apology or regret. They were written by Sydney Grundy of the writer of this article. I trust that I have not shown I have been guilty of "personal animosity" in this instance, at any rate.

Mr. W. Noel Sainsbury, Assistant Keeper of the Public Records, retires on a pension, after forty years' service, but will continue to edit his "Calendar of Colonial State Papers," seven volumes of which have been already published by the Government.

The Empress Eugénie is shortly expected at Cap Martin, near Mentone, where she intends spending the winter. It is also thought probable that the Empress of Russia will spend the months of February and March at Cannes, accompanied by her second son, Grand Duke George of Russia, who, in any case, will spend part of the winter in the South for his health. The Duchess of Albany will arrive at Cannes early in February for a sojourn of two months at the least.

The administration of the Post Office is becoming a little more liberal under the new Postmaster-General. One may henceforth write upon a newspaper or its wrapper "a reference to any page or of place in the newspaper to which the attention of the addressee is directed," and book packets may be sent "without a cover, or in an unfastened envelope, or in a cover which can be easily removed for the purposes of examination without breaking any seal or tearing any paper, or separating any adhering surfaces."

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FROM "DAILY GRAPHIC."

The Right Honourable
LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, M.P.,
writes, in Letter No. 8,
Monday, September 21, 1891:—

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Our future Queen intends to have her entire trousseau (what a pity it is that we have no pretty English name for the bride's dress outfit!) of British manufacture. The Duchess of Teck has from the first been the patroness of the ladies' committee of the British Silk Association; in which Lady Lathom and Lady Burdett-Coutts take so much interest, and the object of which is to restore the silk industry of Spitalfields and Coventry. Her Royal Highness opened the attractive exhibition of British silks for which Lord Egerton of Tatton kindly lent his house last year. The committee of that association have accordingly asked leave to present the young Princess with the material for her wedding train. The gift has been accepted by the bride, and a beautiful white satin brocade is being woven for the special purpose. It will have in its design sprays of the pretty flower after which the bride is commonly called. The young Princess has generally worn "May," when in season, as her bonnet trimming and on her ball dresses. She has, by the way, the gift of looking well in her clothes—a special gift, as we all know: so much a natural faculty that a pair of sisters will often look so different in precisely the same clothing that it is with difficulty that you can believe that they are really kind alike and have the same number of new "things." The Princess of Wales is by no means extravagant in dress, but she has in perfection that gift of wearing it well, and her new daughter-in-law possesses the same happy faculty.

The Queen has commanded that a Spitalfields silk shall be used for the train to be worn by her Majesty on the wedding day, and the bridesmaids' white satin is also to be of British manufacture. The exhibitions of British silks that have been held at Liberty's and elsewhere have already proved conclusively that our artisans are fully as accomplished as the French in this manufacture, and the royal patronage now given will help to make British silks fashionable. But, unfortunately, they are dearer than those produced by their rivals. It may be that the home manufactures are more durable; but in these days of changing fashion this is not altogether a recommendation.

In our civilised condition we are as well fed in winter as in summer. Fog and frost make but little difference to the modern housekeeper's resources. How different it was in the "good old times"! If we were to have suddenly removed from our larders and store-rooms and shops all the supplies that our foremothers of three centuries ago had to do without at this time of year, we should think, as we looked over the bare shelves, that we had scarcely anything left.

Four, three, even two centuries ago, fresh meat was scarcely seen at dinner all through the winter. Tea, the comfort of our daily lives, was not to be had; none but the very wealthy had ever tasted it. Cane sugar was almost equally scarce; such sweetening as people then had came from honey. The winter-stored roots that our poorest can use in abundance, potatoes, carrots, and turnips, were, at the earlier date, unknown,

and, at the later one, but rarely seen. Rice, sago, tapioca, macaroni were unheard of, every one. Suet puddings were luxuries not for the ordinary table, because all the fat was needed to make candles: the fat of a beast was worth four times as much per pound as the lean, since it was the only means known of getting artificial light. Paraffin lamps and gas were as undreamed of as illumination from electricity. Salt was scarce and dear, for it was only manufactured scantily and badly by evaporation by the summer sun. Spices, such as cloves, ginger, and even pepper, were so costly that they were used medicinally, and not as common flavourings. Let the country housewife inclined to grumble over the difficulties of winter catering far from town hear all this, and, like the old negro in the hour of trouble, "think upon her marries!"

There was no fresh meat for the housekeeper of olden days during the winter, simply because it was not known how to keep oxen alive through the cold weather. The cattle now, of course, live chiefly upon the roots that will grow late on into the cold season, and will store after they are dug. But until long past Queen Elizabeth's time these roots were not known or grown. They are produced now on land that would in those old days have been merely lying idle—in fallow, recovering from the supreme exertion of growing corn. The cultivated grasses, too, that are now used for making plenty of hay, were unknown. The consequence was that the cattle had to be killed off as the winter approached. Only enough of them were with difficulty kept alive to be ready to go on with when spring returned. Moreover, the average weight of oxen when killed then was only one third of what it is now. That meat, such as it was, had to be salted to last through the winter. Well-to-do householders bought joints yearly in October or November, each weighing sixty pounds or more, and packed the meat in casks with plenty of salt. During the winter, perhaps three or four times a week, some of this dried-up, brine-soddened meat was brought forth and boiled; it was useless to roast or salted beef. There were no carrots to boil with it; no potatoes; and naturally few greens. There were no puddings made with suet or with foreign grains to follow. What dinners!

Our foremothers were not, however, exclusively confined to the salt-meat barrel for their menus. They had a good deal of poultry; sheep were kept under cover and fed on hay, because their wool was the special and staple export of England in those days, so there might sometimes be a little mutton to spare from the flock; and then there was pork. That obliging animal, which will eat anything, was, to all intents and purposes, the stand-by for fresh meat of the housekeeper in winter in the "good old times." Well, some people are fond of roast pork! A boar's head was a mighty delicacy for a feast. Then the pig made ham and bacon and lightly salted joints. The roast beef of "old" England is a myth; the pig was the true source of our ancestors' strength!

Pigs were fed largely in the winter on the barley that had been used for the domestic brewing of small beer. There were no hops then, so that the beer must have been poor stuff. People

drank great quantities of it, however, for they had nothing else to drink for breakfast, lunch, or dinner (think of small beer for the only beverage on a cold and frosty morning!); though there were English wines for special occasions. These home-made wines were concocted out of all manner of berries, blossoms, and boughs. Birch shoots, elderberries, rhubarb, sowslips, sloes, cherries, and blackberries, as well as grapes and gooseberries, formed bases for "wines"; but it seems that it was only seldom that people were so indiscreet as to drink those strange beverages, preferring the ale, which was honest if thin and sour. Wheaten bread, and barley and oat cake, and plenty of much salted butter, and abundance of eggs, and cheese made with rennet out of skim milk, all these they had; and onions and a few dried apples and preserved fruits. Occasionally the wealthy ate game (though hares and their milder cousins, rabbits, were almost unknown) and swans, peacocks, and other strange meats figured on the lordly board at banquets. But we are certainly infinitely more magnificently supplied for middle-class housekeeping now than were the richest tables in those "good old times."

The Illustration in our last issue entitled "A Lucky Dog" was from a photograph by Mr. H. Stevens.

The obituary column of the *Times* for the week ending Jan. 2 possessed unusual interest as illustrating the extraordinary mortality among aged people of the well-to-do classes following upon the recent severe weather. Of the 405 deaths advertised during the week, 63 were those of persons over 70 years of age, 66 of those over 80, and 10 of those over 90. Of the octogenarians, 27 were males and 39 females. In the nonagenarian list two male and one female were exactly 90, the others being all females, two of whom were 91, one 94, one 95, two 96, and one 98.

The ladies of England are invited to make Princess Victoria of Teck a suitable gift on the occasion of her marriage with the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. The following committee has been formed to promote this object and to receive subscriptions, which will be limited to £20: The Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, 50, Grosvenor Square; the Duchess of Bedford; Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, 10, Hertford Street, Mayfair; the Marchioness of Hertford, Rayleigh Hall, Alcester, Warwickshire; the Countess of Sefton, Croxeth, Liverpool; the Countess of Beatrix, Headfort, Meath; the Countess of Normanton, Somersley, Ringwood, Hants; Lady Elizabeth Biddulph, Ledbury, Herefordshire; Lady Margaret Charteris, 17, Grosvenor Square; Lady Wolverton, 8, Seamount Place; the Hon. Mrs. Percy Mifflin, Lennox Gardens; and Lady West, Ambassadors' Court, St. James's. The secretaries are the Hon. Mrs. Charles Eliot, 8, Onslow Gardens; and the Hon. Mrs. Bernard Mallet, 9, Alexander Square, S.W.—A committee of ladies has been formed at Florence, and another is being formed at Rome, to receive subscriptions for a present to be offered to Princess Victoria of Teck.



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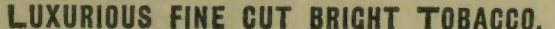
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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page is bound into a dark, possibly black or dark brown, cover material. The overall lighting is even, highlighting the subtle variations in the paper's tone and texture.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will, as contained in three papers, with two codicils thereto, of the Rev. Alexander Henry Bridges, canon of Winchester and rector of Beddington, Surrey, who died on Oct. 16, was proved on Dec. 21 by John Henry Bridges, the son, the Rev. John Fisher, and the Rev. Henry John Fellowes, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £342,000. The testator leaves an immediate legacy of £1000, a further sum of £2000, all his wines, consumable stores, horses and carriages, and £3700 per annum for life to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Matilda Bridges; he also leaves to her for life his mansion, Beddington House, with the grounds occupied therewith, all the furniture, plate, pictures and effects there, and his house, stables, and gardens at Horley, Surrey; the advowson of the rectory of Beddington, upon trust, during the life of his wife, on any vacancy occurring to present such person as she shall nominate, and subject thereto for his son John Henry; £1500, upon the trusts of a settlement already made by him on the Rev. George William Bridges Dalrymple; £500 to each of his executors, the Rev. Mr. Fisher and the Rev. Mr. Fellowes; £200 to his daughter-in-law, Edith Isabella Bridges; £100 each to his eight grandchildren; £100 to the ten godchildren of his wife, to be payable at her death without interest; and legacies to butler, maid, footmen, and other servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said son, John Henry Bridges, and he specially, by a separate paper, appoints him universal heir of his property in the Argentine Republic; and also by another separate paper gives him all his heritable and movable property in Scotland.

DEATHS.

On Dec. 23, 1891, at Monken Hadley, Margaret, daughter of Peter Martineau, and widow of S. F. T. Wilde, of Monken Hadley and Serpents' Inn, Barrister-at-Law, formerly one of the four Tellers of his Majesty's Receipt of Exchequer, aged ninety-three.

On Dec. 30, 1891, Lieutenant-Colonel George Edward Horbert, J.P., D.L., late 9th Bengal Light Cavalry, of Ghan Hafren, Montgomeryshire, and of Upper Helmsley Hall, Yorkshire, aged eighty-two.

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The will (dated Oct. 5, 1885) of Mrs. Margaret Talbot-Crosbie, formerly of 23, Berkeley Square, and late of Ardferit Abbey, Ardferit, Ireland, who died on Dec. 2, was proved on Dec. 23 by Lieut.-Colonel John Talbot Darnley Talbot-Crosbie, the husband and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £65,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to her former governess, Miss Caroline Hill; and, subject thereto, gives all her property to her husband.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1891) of Miss Amelia Matilda Bromhead, late of The Barns, Bedford, who died on Nov. 12, was proved on Dec. 21 by the Misses Susannah Matilda Wilkin and Charlotte Joanna Sophia Wilkin, the nieces, the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £41,000. The testatrix bequeaths an annuity of £100 to her nephew, Thomas Graham Bromhead, and legacies to three servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to, or upon trust for, her five nieces, Susannah Matilda, Charlotte Joanna Sophia, Mary Amelia, Alice Emily, and Matilda Wilkin.

The will (dated Sept. 10, 1891) of Mrs. Mary Smithers, late of Little Longstone, Bakewell, Derbyshire, who died on Nov. 6, was proved on Dec. 16 by Miss Florence Elizabeth Broomhead, the niece, and Ernest Morewood Longson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £29,000. The testatrix leaves £2000 to Mr. Longson; and the residue of her real and personal estate to her said niece.

The will (dated March 31, 1890), with a codicil (dated June 15, 1891), of Mr. William Eastwood, late of The Crouch, Seaford, Sussex, who died on Nov. 9, was proved on Dec. 22 by Mrs. Emily Anne Eastwood, the widow, and William Pringle

Morgan, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture and effects to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his seven children—Philip Bayley, William Edward, Alfred, Arthur Keble, Emily, Ethel Mary, and Margaret, in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1873), with two codicils (dated Feb. 17, 1885, and Sept. 25, 1889), of Mrs. Susannah Rebecca Murray, formerly of Lamorby, Bexley, Kent, and late of 100, Redcliffe Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Nov. 27, was proved on Dec. 17 by Samuel Hope Morley and Edward Sidgwick, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £22,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to each of her executors; and there are some specific gifts to her daughters. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her daughters, Sarah Rebecca, Jane, Margaret, Kate, and Annie, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1888) of Mr. Thomas Maylin Vipan, J.P., D.L., late of Sutton House, Isle of Ely, who died on Aug. 23, was proved on Dec. 19 by George Vipan and the Rev. Richard Posthumous Prichard, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £16,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to his cousin and executor, Mr. George Vipan, and an annuity of £200 to his sister, Mrs. Anne Prichard, during the life of his mother. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his mother, Mrs. Harriett Vipan, for life; then as to one moiety for his sister, Mrs. Prichard, for life, and at her death for her children in equal shares; and as to the other moiety upon similar trusts for his sister, Mrs. Harriett Preston, and her children.

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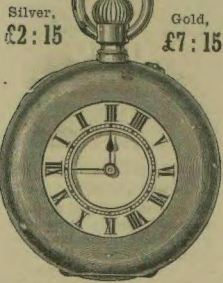
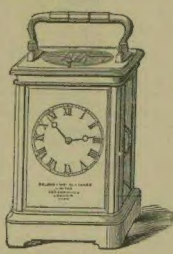
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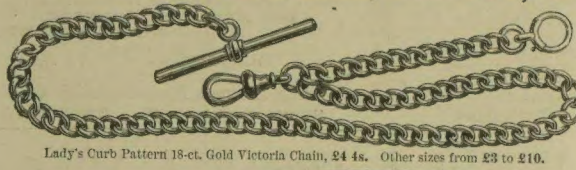
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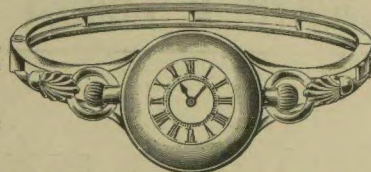


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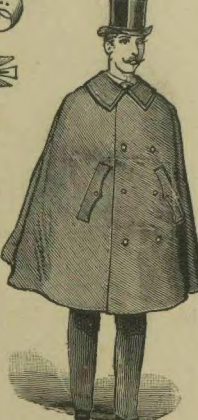
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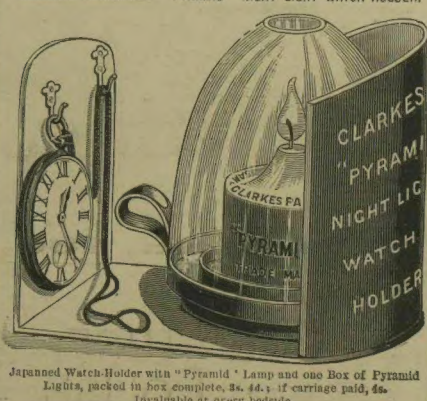


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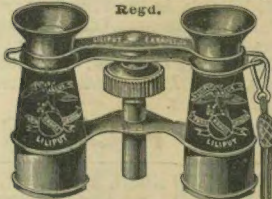
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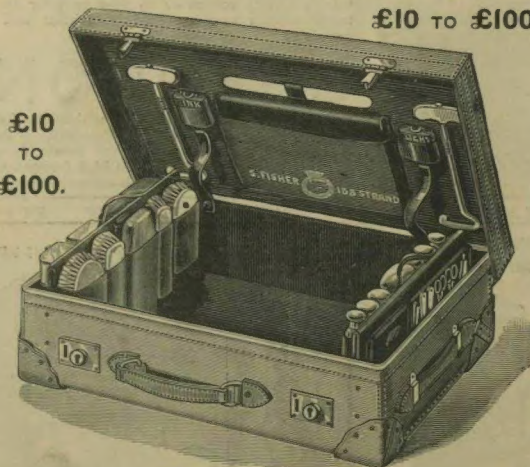
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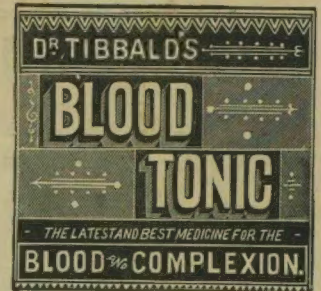
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